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Sauter, Johann Wolfgang von

# FAUST.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

A. V. BERESFORD.



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CASSEL AND GÖTTINGEN.

GEORGE H. WIGAND.

—  
1862.

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1862

TO HIS HIGHNESS

PRINCE MAURICE OF HANAU.

Your Highness!

In accepting of the dedication of this work  
Your Highness adds one more to the many  
kindnesses already shown me, kindnesses which

I shall ever think of with a grateful heart. If this little volume sometimes serves to awaken a thought of the writer, the labour bestowed upon it will be amply repaid. With every wish for Your Highness' happiness

Believe me

Your Highness'

faithful and sincerely attached

CASSEL, June 10<sup>th</sup> 1861.

v. BERESFORD.



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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### CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE.

THE MANAGER.

THE DRAMATIC POET.

MERRYMAN.

### CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD.

RAPHAEL,

GABRIEL,

MICHAEL,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

} the Heavenly Hosts.

### CHARACTERS IN THE TRAGEDY.

FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARGARET.

WAGNER, a student.

MARTHA, Margaret's neighbour.

VALENTINE, Margaret's brother.

OLD PEASANT.

A STUDENT.

ELIZABETH, an acquaintance of Margaret's.

FROSCH,

BRANDER,

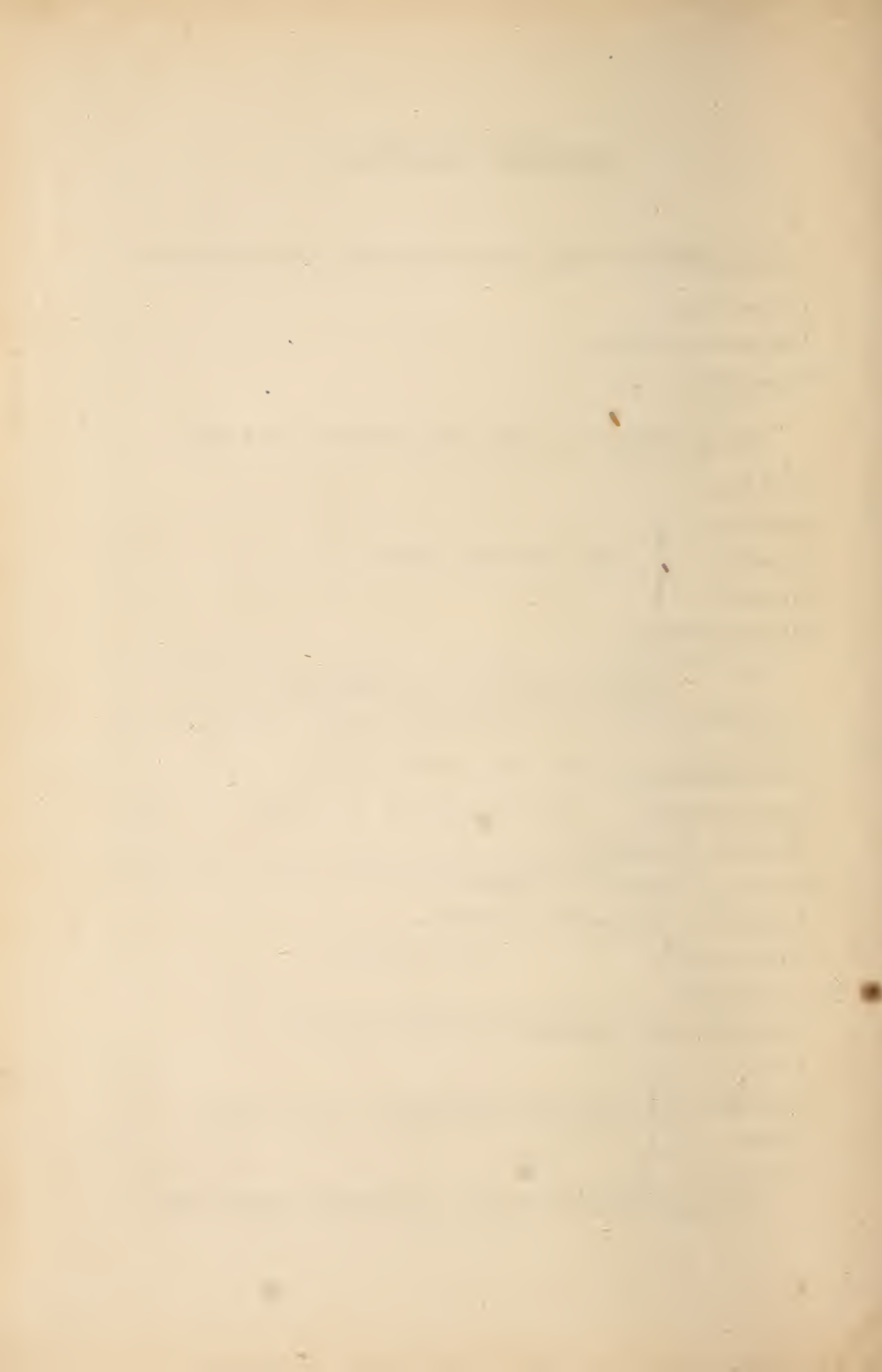
SIEBEL,

ALTMAYER,

} Guests in Auerbach's wine cellar.

Witches, wizards, soldiers, students, spirits etc.

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# DEDICATION.







Again ye hover near, ye wav'ring train,  
Which once gleamed on my young and saddened eyes!  
To seize on ye shall I yet strive again?  
My heart then still towards that delusion flies?  
Ye crowd upon me! well, then o'er me reign  
As round me ye from mist and vapour rise;  
My bosom as in youthful days is bounding  
Moved by the magic breath your band surrounding.

Ye bring the dreams of many a happy day,  
And many a well loved shade too rises here;  
Like to some old and half-expiring lay  
First-love and friendship in their band appear;  
The pang's renewed, life's tangled, mazy way  
The plaint repeats and names the loved and dear,  
Who, cheated of fair hours by fortune's hand,  
Vanished before me to yon spirit-land.

They do not hear ah! the succeeding song.  
The souls to whom my earlier ones I sang;  
Dispersed and scattered is the friendly throng  
And dead alas! the first response which rang.

Now to the stranger crowd my griefs belong,  
E'en their applause wakes in my heart a pang.  
All who were earlier gladdened by my lay  
If living yet, o'er earth now scattered stray.

Yearning which long my bosom did not know  
O'er me for that still, spirit-realm now breaks,  
It hovers round, in half-formed tones and low —  
My whisp'ring lay like Eol's harp now wakes.  
A tremor chills me, tear on tear doth flow,  
My heart its rigour softens now and slakes;  
What I possess as far removed I see  
And what has fled becomes reality.



PROLOGUE  
FOR THE THEATRE.





MANAGER. — DRAMATIC POET. — MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

Ye two whom I have ever found  
To be my friends in need and care,  
What ye do hope I pray declare  
From this our scheme on German ground?  
To please the multitude would please me most,  
Chiefly because it lives and lets one live,  
Down are the boards, erected too each post  
And all expect that we a feast will give.  
Cool, with uplifted brows already there  
They sit, and gladly would be made to stare.  
I well know how to please the people's taste.  
Yet ne'er have I been so embarrassed.  
True, they are not accustomed to the best,  
But then a shocking quantity they've read.  
What shall we do that all be fresh and new  
As also pleasing and instructive too?  
I like to see the crowds, I must confess,  
When to our booth in rolling tide they race,  
And with repeated mighty surgings press

In through the narrow portalice of grace.  
When in broad day, already ere t'is four  
To the receiver's box their way they take,  
And as in famine dread around the baker's door  
Their necks almost they for a ticket break.  
Folks so diverse bend but to poet's sway,  
My friend! oh work this miracle to-day!

POET.

Oh! speak not to me of the motly crew  
Whose very look our spirits' flight can chill.  
That undulating throng veil from my view  
Which sucks us 'neath the vortex 'gainst our will.  
No, lead me to the Heav'nly nook apart  
Where for the bard but perfect joys expand,  
Where love and friendship, blessings of our heart.  
Create and cherish with their God-like hand.

What there hath welled forth from our deepest heart.  
What to itself the falt'ring lip doth say,  
Now into failure, now to fruit to start,  
Is swallowed by the frantic moment's sway.  
Oft only when it has endured for years  
In form of full perfection it appears.  
What glitters after one short hour must die,  
The real rests ever to posterity.

MERRYMAN.

This oft spoke word posterity I hate.  
If I about posterity would prate  
Who to the present world would furnish fun?  
For they will have it, yes, and t'is their due.



The presence of a gallant lad is too  
Worth something, I should think, in the long run.  
Who knows himself agreeably to impart  
Will ne'er by public's whim be irritated.  
A circle large he sighs for in his heart  
That better he may agitate it.  
Do then your best, to others set the fashion,  
Let fancy, all her choruses have sway,  
Reason and understanding, feeling, passion,  
But, mark it well! not without folly play.

MANAGER.

Events enough 'fore all, pray let there be!  
Folks come to look, and best they love to see.  
If then before their eyes much matter's spun  
So that the crowds in wond'ring gaping sit,  
You then in worth immediately have won,  
You are a gen'ral favourite.  
The mass you can but by the mass command,  
Something to suit himself picks out each one,  
Who bringeth much brings food to many a hand,  
And each goes home content when all is done.  
If piece you give, give it at once in bits!  
For such a hash as that, I'll warrant, hits.  
T'is easily served up, as easily invented.  
What boots it if a whole's by you presented?  
The public still will tear it into bits.

POET.

How base such handicraft is all unfelt by ye!  
How little it becomes the artist true!

These fine sparks' dabbling is, I see  
Already maxim here with you.

MANAGER.

On me reproof like this falls harmlessly;  
A man who will work properly,  
Must have the best of tools, pray b'lieve.  
Consider then, soft wood you have to cleave,  
And do but see for whom you write!  
While this one with ennui doth fight,  
Comes that one from o'erloaded board with vapours,  
And, what is far worse than all quite,  
Full many a one from reading the news-papers.  
Absent one hastes to us as to a masquerade,  
But curiosity lends wings along the way;  
Gratis themselves and dress the ladies there parade  
And, without paying, with us play.  
What dream ye on your poet's height indeed?  
What makes a full house merry, pray?  
Your patrons, please, more closely read!  
Half raw and half indiff'rent they.  
One to his game looks forward when t'is o'er,  
One to wild night on wenche's breast to spend.  
Why do ye plague, ye sorry fools and poor,  
The Muses sweet to such a wretched end?  
I tell ye, give but more, and more, and yet more still.  
Ye cannot very widely miss your mark,  
Seek but to bring folks in the dark,  
T'is hard to satisfy their will —  
What ails ye? Is't delight or pain ye prove?

POET.

Be gone, and seek thyself another slave!  
The highest right, man's right, which Nature gave,  
Forsooth thine idle fancy to content,  
The poet carelessly shall fling away!  
By which he ev'ry heart doth sway?  
By which he rules each element?  
Is it not then the harmony which from his breast  
doth pour  
Draws back into his heart the world once more?  
When Nature, careless winding, doth the long  
Eternal thread upon the spindle force;  
When of all beings the discordant throng  
Sounds wildly mingled, out of tune and hoarse,  
Who deals the ever flowing syllabation,  
Infusing life, that measured length it takes?  
Who, individual, calls to gen'ral consecration  
When into glorious accords it breaks?  
Who bids the storm to passion rage and swing?  
In pensive heart the eve's red glow?  
Who all the lovely blossomings of spring,  
On the beloved one's path doth throw?  
And who the green, unmeaning leaves doth twine  
In wreaths to honour merit of each kind?  
Who doth Olymp assure? Gods too conjoin?  
Man's pow'r revealèd in the poet's mind.

MERRYMAN.

Then use those wond'rous pow'rs within you  
Your poet-business to continue  
As love affair is prosecuted.

One meets by chance, one feels, and one is rooted,  
And by degrees one gets entangled.  
Waxes one's joy, one soon sees its growth mangled.  
One is enchanted, then comes on mischance,  
And, ere one's well aware, t'is even a romance.  
Let us then also give just such a show!  
But deeply grasp in man's life's fullest flow!  
T'is lived by all, and yet t'is known to few,  
And seize it where you will, t'will interest you.  
In varied image little meaning,  
One spark of truth through error gleaming.  
Thus is the best drink brewed you 'll find  
To edify and to refresh mankind.  
Then fairest flower of youth will quick repair  
To see your play, and wait the deep event.  
And ev'ry gentle mind that's present there  
Sucks from your work its own sad nourishment;  
Now this, and now the other there is mov'd  
Each sees-what in his own heart's depths is proved.  
All ready still to tears or laughter to be won,  
They honour the high range, enjoy the brilliancy;  
With one who's formed is nothing to be done;  
One who is forming aye will grateful be.

POET.

Then give me back the days once more  
When I myself was forming still,  
When, freshly, crowded lays did pour  
Forth in an all unbroken rill,  
When mists from me the world did veil,  
The bud still wonders promised too,

When thousand flow'rs of brilliant hue  
I plucked, which richly filled each dale.  
Nought had I, yet enough was mine,  
Joy in delusion, thirst for truth divine.  
Those impulses uncurbed restore,  
The happiness, deep fraught with pain,  
Hate's strength, love's pow'r give back once more,  
Give, give me back my youth again.

MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, you need in ev'ry case,  
When foes, hard pressing, round you ring,  
When on thy neck with warm embrace,  
The loveliest of maidens cling.  
When the swift course's garland crown  
Afar from irksome goal doth sign,  
When, whirling dance being o'er, you drown -  
Feasting, the live long night in wine.  
But o'er the lyre's familiar chords  
To sweep with grace and energy  
A self appointed aim towards  
In gentle wand'ring melody,  
Old gentlemen, that duty's yours,  
Nor less on that account we honour you.  
Age makes not childish as the word assures,  
It only finds us still as children true.

MANAGER.

Enough of words you 've bandied now  
Let deeds at last to me be shown;  
While compliments ye turn, I trow,  
Something that's useful might be done.



What boots is that of vein ye prate?  
It never smiles on timid taster.  
Once bards declared, at any rate  
See ye that poetry ye master.  
You know what we require, I think,  
We'd largely swallow down our drink;  
At once your brewing be begun!  
What's not commenced to-day, to-morrow is not done.  
In dallying one should lose no day.  
Resolve her hardy hand and bold  
On possibility should lay,  
Nor quickly then she'll quit her hold —  
And while compelled he'll work away.  
Ye know that with our German scene  
Each tries his fav'rite sort of play;  
Then, pray thee, do not on this day,  
Spare either scen'ry or machine.  
Of great and lesser light of Heav'n make use,  
Squander the stars at your desire;  
Of water, walls of rock and fire,  
Of birds and beasts there's store profuse.  
So tread in this small boarded habitation  
The whole wide circle of creation;  
With speed to course too, you'd do well  
From Heaven, through the earth, to Hell.





PROLOGUE  
IN HEAVEN.





THE LORD. — THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. — THEN  
MEPHISTOPHELES.

RAPHAEL.

Chime in as ever doth the sun  
With brother spheres in rival song,  
And his appointed course doth run  
With wond'rous thunder-speed along.  
His aspect gives the angels might,  
Tho' fathom him no angel may,  
The works in their unmeasured height  
Are glorious as on primal day.

GABRIEL.

In swift, immeasurable flow  
The pomp of earth speeds on its flight;  
Alternates Paradise' bright glow  
With deep and shudder-wakening night;  
The sea foams up, in broad floods borne  
Round the deep-rooted rocky base,  
And rock and sea away are torn  
In th'ever rapid sphere-run race.

MICHAEL.

And storms roar, as if bet to gain,  
From sea to land, from land to sea,  
And wildly raging form a chain  
Of deepest working agency.  
Then wasting flashings luminate  
The crashing thunderbolt's dark way,  
Yet Lord thy servants venerate  
The gentle progress of Thy day.

THE THREE.

His aspect gives the angels might,  
Tho' fathom him no angel may,  
The works in their unmeasured height  
Are glorious as on primal day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As Thou, o Lord, once more dost here appear  
And askest how all matters go along,  
And formerly did'st gladly see me here,  
Therefore dost see me now among thy throng.  
Pardon! I cannot speak in lofty phrase,  
Ee'n though all present mockingly deride;  
My pathos surely would Thy laughter raise,  
If t'were not Thou hast laughter laid aside.  
To say of sun and worlds I nothing know.  
I see but how man plagues himself below.  
The stamp remains unchanged the little world-God  
bears,  
And whimsical as on the primal day appears.  
He'd somewhat better live, poor wight,  
Hadst Thou not giv'n to him a gleam of Heaven's light;

Reason he calls it, and then he  
But uses it more beast than beast to be.  
Yes, by Your Grace's leave I must aver  
He seems to me like long-legged grasshopper,  
Which ever flies, and flying springs,  
Then in the grass its well known ditty sings;  
Would he but ever in the grass repose!  
In ev'ry puddle doth he thrust his nose.

THE LORD.

Hast thou nought else? Dost come again,  
As aye of old, but to complain?  
Seems nought on earth then taking the right way?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No Lord, in wretched state I find things there as aye.  
My pity's so aroused by mankind's wretchedness,  
E'en I've no heart to plague them, I confess.

THE LORD.

Dost thou know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

And my servant, yea.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Truly he serves Thee curiously, I think.  
Not earthly is that ideot's meat nor drink.  
By ferment to the far-removed he's driv'n;  
He's of his madness half aware;  
He doth demand the brightest stars of Heav'n,  
Earth's very highest pleasures for his share,

And all the near and far, when giv'n,  
Can't satisfy his bosom's craving care.

THE LORD.

Though now he serves me in perplexity,  
I soon will lead him into light more clear;  
The gard'ner knows when buds show on the tree  
That flow'r and fruit will crown the coming year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt Thou wager? Thou wilt lose him still,  
If Thou to me the leave wilt give  
To lead him after mine own will.

THE LORD.

As long as he on earth may live  
Thy wish shall not be hinderèd.  
Man errs as long as lasts his strife.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank Thee too; I for the dead  
Have never had peculiar zest.  
Cheeks which are full and rosy please to me the best,  
A corpse's call ne'er finds me in the house;  
With me it is as with the cat and mouse.

THE LORD.

Enough! I this to thee concede!  
Divert this spirit from his primal source,  
And, canst thou seize him, well, then lead  
Him with thee on thy downward course.  
And stand abashed when thou art forced to say:  
A good man in his strivings dark, unsure,  
May still be conscious of the rightful way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

T'is well! but long 'twill not endure,  
No fear I for my wager entertain.  
If I my end and aim should gain,  
My soul-felt triumph must not anger You.  
Dust shall he eat, with relish too,  
As my old coz the famous snake was fain.

THE LORD.

Thy wish there too be guided by;  
I never yet have hated such as thee.  
Of all the spirits which deny  
The scoffer is the least disliked by me.  
In human zeal too much of languor aye doth lurk.  
He soon desires in idle ease to live;  
Therefore I gladly as companion give  
One who stirs, acts and must as devil work.  
But ye true sons of Deity  
Rejoice in living beauty's fructity!  
By th'ever living, working, forming, power  
Be ye within love's happy bound'ries brought.  
And what in changeful seemingness doth hover,  
Do ye fix firm with everlasting thought.

(Heaven closes and the Archangels disperse.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (alone).

I like at times the ancient one to see,  
And not to break with him take care.  
T'is truly kind in a great Lord as he  
Thus with the 'dev'l himself to speak so fair.

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# FAUST.

FIRST PART.





## NIGHT.

Faust restless in his armchair before a desk in a high, narrow, vaulted Gothic room.

### FAUST.

Ah well! and thou philosophy!  
As also law and physic too,  
Alas! and thou theology!  
With burning zeal I've studied you.  
Here stay I now, and know no more,  
Poor ideot, than I did before;  
I'm called magister — doctor e'en,  
And nearly for ten years have been  
Leading my pupils by the nose  
Here, there, and ev'rywhere I chose —  
And see that we can nothing learn!  
T'is this that sheer my heart will burn.  
T'is true I am wiser than all the pretenders,  
The doctors, magisters, the writers, amenders;  
I'm no wise plagued by doubt or cavil,  
And fear for neither hell nor devil —  
For this all joys are fled beyond my reach.  
I lay no claim superiour things to teach,

I lay no claim to pow'r to show mankind  
Aught to improve, aught to reform their mind;  
And have I neither wealth nor worth  
Nor honour, nor the joys of earth.  
No dog on such a life would set a store!  
Therefore I've turned my thoughts to magic lore,  
If by some spirit's mouth and might  
Some hidden things be brought to light!  
That I no more with sweating brow  
Must teach what I myself don't know,  
That I may learn what secret pow'rs  
Centre to fix this world of ours,  
Fathom all actions' source and ground  
Nor longer trade in empty sound!

Dids't thou but look, sweet moonlight there,  
Down for the last time on my care!  
For at my desk full many a time  
I've heard the lonely midnight chime!  
T'is on my books and parchments spread  
Thou, mournful friend, thy light dost shed!  
Ah! could I tread the mountain height  
Beneath thy loved and gentle light,  
Round mountain caves with spirits fly,  
On meadows in thy twilight lie,  
Set free from learning's weary chain  
Bathe in thy dew and lose my pain!

Ah! crouch I in my dungeon still?  
Accursed, fetid, earthy cell

Where breaks e'en blessed light of day  
Through painted panes with gloomy ray!  
Encumbered by this heap of books  
Which, dusty, gnawed by worms, is piled  
And to the vaulted roof there looks,  
Enwalled by papers smoke-defiled;  
With glasses, boxes round me hurl'd,  
Filled up with instruments close jammed,  
Ancestral household chattels crammed —  
Such is thy world! call that a world!

And canst thou yet ask why thy heart  
Thus anxious swells within thy breast?  
And why by undefin'd smart  
Thy flow of life is thus repress'd?  
Instead of Nature's living light  
In which God gave to man his breath,  
Here, draped in nought but smoke and blight,  
Are skeletons and signs of death.

Fly! Up! Away o'er distant land!  
And is not this mysterious tome  
By Nostradamus' very hand  
Sufficient guide where'er you roam?  
Then wilt thou learn the planets' course,  
When one from Nature teaching seeks  
Then first awakes the mind's deep source  
As spirit to some spirit speaks.  
In vain by weary poring here  
The holy symbols' depth to see;

Ye hover round me spirits, near;  
Hear ye my voice, so answer me!

(He opens the book and discovers the sign of Makrococosmos.)

Ha! what a bliss now flows as thus I gaze  
With sudden thrill through each new-wakened sense!  
The joy of life through nerve and art'ry plays,  
Kindled from new, young, holy and intense.  
Was it a God who wrote this magic line  
Which can my inward tumult still,  
This wretched heart with rapture fill,  
And with a deep mysterious sign  
Lay bare the natural pow'rs to me at will?  
Am I a God? My view's so clear!  
For I, on these pure signs descrying  
See working Nature outspread lying.  
Now first I know what means the wise man here:  
„The spirit-world is not debarred;  
Thy mind is closed, thy spirit dead!  
Up scholar, bathe, free, undeterred  
Thy earthy breast in morning red.“

(He gazes at the sign.)

How all to form a whole is weaving,  
One through the other working, living,  
How heav'nly pow'rs twixt earth and sky are winging  
The golden vessels to each other bringing!  
How, floating through this orb they bring!  
A heav'n with blessing-breathing wing,  
Harmonious all, all through creation ring!

Ah! what a view! Alas and but a view!  
Where shall I, endless Nature, seize on you?  
Ye breasts, and where? Ye sources of all life  
On which the heaven, the earth depends,  
Towards which the withered bosom tends —  
Ye nourish, flow; yet vain my thirsty strife?

(He unconsciously turns over the book and sees the sign of the earth-spirit.)

How changed for me the working of this sign!  
Thou, spirit of the earth art nigher;  
E'en now I feel my powers higher,  
E'en now I glow as if from new-pressed wine,  
Courage I feel in the world's strife to share,  
The pains of earth, the joys of earth to bear,  
In battle with the tempest to engage,  
Meet without shrinking the fierce shipwreck's rage.  
Clouds gather o'er my head —  
The moon withdraws her light —  
The lamp expires —  
Thick vapours rise! Red flashes dart  
Around my head! — An awe  
Breathes from the vaulted roof above,  
And fastens me!  
I feel thou, summoned spirit, floatest near  
Unveil thyself  
Ha! what a rending in my bosom here!  
New pow'rs unfurl  
From out my senses wild, tumultuous whirl!  
I feel my very heart giv'n in the strife,  
Thou must! thou must! e'en though it cost my life.

(He grasps the book and mysteriously speaks the spirit's sign. A red flame starts up; the spirit appears in the flame.)



SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST.

Form of fearful mould!

SPIRIT.

Thou mightily hast drawn me here,  
Thou long hast suckèd at my sphere,  
And now—

FAUST.

Thy form I can't behold!

SPIRIT.

Hast prayed me breathing to appear  
My voice to hear, my face to see,  
Thy soul-felt prayers have moved me,  
Here am I! — What a wretched fear  
Comes o'er thee, super-man! Where thy soul's aim,  
Where is the breast which in itself did frame  
A world, and bore and nursed? Which, fire-impell'd,  
To equal us, the spirits, proudly swell'd?  
Where art thou, Faust, whose calling voice I heard,  
Who to approach me all his pow'rs has stirr'd?  
Is't thou who by my breath encircled round  
Dost tremble to the depths of life profound,  
A fearful, backward-crouchèd worm!

FAUST.

Shall I from thee flame-image fly?  
T'is I, t'is Faust, thine equal I!

SPIRIT.

In life flood and in action's storm  
I restless roam,



In waving motion!  
Birth and the tomb,  
An eternal ocean,  
A changing woof,  
A glowing life  
I weave at the loud-storming loom of all time  
And work the life-garb of the Godhead sublime.

FAUST.

Thou who a world-encircling course dost bend,  
Thou working pow'r how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Art like the spirit thou canst comprehend,  
Not me! (disappears.)

FAUST (sinking back).

Not thee?  
Who then?  
I, image of the Godhead  
Not even like to thee!

(a knocking is heard.)

O death! — I know 't — that is my famulus!  
My fairest happiness will now be lost!  
Oh, that the fullness of the visions thus  
By that dry, creeping creature should be cross'd!

(Enter Wagner in dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand. Faust turns unwillingly.)

WAGNER.

Forgive, I pray! I hear you are declaiming!  
T' was sure a Grecian tragedy you read?  
I, of this art would fain have some explaining;  
For now-a-days it profits much, t' is said.

I've often heard it boasted that to preachers  
Comedians sometimes prove the best of teachers.

FAUST.

Yes, if the preacher a comedian be;  
As certainly from time to time he may.

WAGNER.

Ah! chained to one's museum thus, and free  
Scarcely to view the world on holyday,  
Hardly through telescope, and but from wide,  
How shall one through persuasion learn to guide?

FAUST.

If you don't feel, you 'll ne'er drag it to light,  
If from the soul herself it do not well,  
And with the freshness of primeval might  
The hearts of all the listeners compel.  
Then sit for aye, by glueing frame,  
Concoct of others' dainties hashes,  
And blow the wretched, meagre flame  
Up in your puny heaps of ashes.  
Cause apes and children on ye gape  
If that your palates satisfies,  
A heart to others' heart ye ne'er can shape  
If it from out your own heart do not rise.

WAGNER.

T'is but delivery makes preachers find  
Success; I feel indeed I'm far behind.

FAUST.

Seek you the equitable gains!  
Be not a tinkling fool and weak;  
For of themselves with little pains

Clear intellect and good sense speak.  
If in good earnest you would something say  
Are you obliged to hunt your words as prey?  
Nay, your discourses e'en which are so glowing,  
In which you twist the shreds of mankind,  
Are as when through the withered leaves is blowing  
The unrefreshing, foggy autumn wind!

WAGNER.

Ah! God! how long is art!  
And short our span of earthly life.  
Yet often in my analysing strife  
I tremble for the weal of head and heart.  
How difficult it is the means to earn  
By which one may unto the source descend!  
And e're one half the way is at an end  
Death comes to break a wretched worm's sojourn.

FAUST.

And parchment then, is that the holy spring  
A draught from which our thirst for aye can quell?  
Nought can to thee a real refreshment bring  
If from thine own heart's depths it do not well.

WAGNER.

Forgive! it is a heart-felt satisfaction  
To read the spirit of the age's action,  
To mark before us how a wise man thought  
And since, how wond'rous far that same we've brought.

FAUST.

O yes! e'en to the planets' distance vast!  
I tell thee friend, the ages of the past  
Are unto us a book with seven seals;

The spirit of the age by you defined .  
Is, at the root, the thinker's proper mind  
In which the age its mirrored self reveals.  
This makes it truly lamentable oft!  
E'en after the first glance one turns away.  
A pan for ashes and a lumber loft.  
At most a grand, mock-royal tragic play,  
With maxims both pragmatistical and fine  
To which the puppets' mouths do well incline!

WAGNER.

Yes, but the world, the human heart and mind!  
For ev'ry one would something of them learn.

FAUST.

Yes, what by that word learn is here defined!  
Who dare the child by its right name discern?  
The few who something of that same have learned,  
Who, foolish, their full hearts did not beware,  
But to the world their thoughts and views laid bare,  
One through all time has crucified and burned.  
The night is far advanced, my friend, I pray  
Another time we may our speech renew.

WAGNER.

I much had loved far longer here to stay  
Thus learnedly to argue on with you.  
But on the morrow, the first Easter day  
Allow me one or two more questions pray;  
I've in my studies zealous been and stern,  
True I know much, yet would I all things learn.

(Exit.)

FAUST (alone).

That ev'ry hope does not desert the mind  
Which ever glues itself on shallow stuff;  
For treasures digs with greedy hand enough  
And yet is glad a few earth-worms to find!

Dare such a human voice here in this place  
Be heard, where spirit band surrounded me?  
Yet ah! thou poorest of the earthborn race,  
For this once I am grateful unto thee.  
Thou didst me from my desperation tear,  
Which e'en my senses threatened to o'erthrow.  
Ah! so gigantic was the vision there  
That I was forced myself a dwarf to know.

I, image of the Godhead, dared to believe  
The mirror of eternal truth so near,  
Who bathed in Heav'n-splendour, knowledge clear,  
For I to ties of earth had ceased to cleave;  
I, more than cherub, whose unchainèd pow'r  
Foeboding through the veins of nature dared  
Already flow, and who, creating, shared  
A God-like life, how deep must I atone!  
A thunder word has hurled me down once more.

I dare not boast myself to be thy peer!  
If I possess the pow'r to draw thee near  
Yet to retain thee I have not the pow'r.  
Ah! in that moment's blissful reign  
I felt myself so small, so great;



Thou cruel, hurl'dst me back again  
Into th' uncertain human fate.  
Who teaches me? And what shall I eschew?  
Shall I that impulse' throb obey?  
Our very deeds alas! as well as suff'rings too  
Confine the course of our life's way.

Aye e'en into the spirit's noblest birth  
A strange and stranger matter makes intrusion;  
When we have reached unto the Good of earth  
We call the Better fallacy, delusion.  
Those glorious feelings which have giv'n us life  
Are rendered torpid by our earthy strife.  
If phantasy which else with mounting flight  
And hopeful, boldly towards th' Eternal soar,  
She asks a lesser space when each delight  
Successive breaks beneath the time-storm's roar.  
Sorrow nests quickly in our deepest heart  
And there creates a secret smart;  
Unquiet rocks herself, bids joy and peace begone;  
Some other mark for ever she puts on,  
She may as house and home, as wife and child appear,  
As dagger, poison, water, fire;  
Thou quail'st for all that ne'er comes nigher,  
And aye for what thou ne'er hast lost must shed a  
tear.

I am not like the Gods! I felt it but too deep;  
Am like the wriggling worm which through the mould  
doth creep,

Which finding in the dust its life and bread,  
Is crushed and buried 'neath the wand'rer's tread.

Is not this lofty wall but made of mould,  
Of hundred parts in which I am enfurled,  
The tatters which with trifles thousand fold  
Crowd themselves round me in this mothy world?  
Here is it I must find that which I need?  
That human nature ev'rywhere has striven  
I in a thousand tomes perhaps may read,  
And here and there one happy one has thriven? —  
What grinn'st thou, hollow scull, down on me there  
But that thy brain, like mine, was once deep stirred,  
Yearning for truth, and seeking day-light clear,  
Yet in the gloomy twilight sadly erred!  
Ye instruments, in truth ye mock at me,  
With wheel and cylinder, with comb and block.  
I stand without the door, keys should ye be;  
Your wards are bent, t'is true, yet turn ye not the lock.  
Mysteriously in open day  
Nature brooks not that we lift up her veil,  
And what she will not to thy spirit open lay  
To force with lever and with screw thou'lt fail.  
Ye ancient chattels which I ne'er have used  
Ye are but here because my sire's ye were,  
Thou ancient roll, art by the smoke abused  
So long has dim lamp smoked on my desk there.  
Had I my little spent I'd better fared,  
Than with that little here to sit and sweat!  
What thou from thy progenitors hast heired

Go earn, in order that thou may'st it get!  
That which we use not is a heavy weight;  
The moment can but use that which it doth create.

Why does my gaze thus fix itself to yonder place,  
Is it a magnet to the eyes that phial there?  
Why can I suddenly all so distinctly trace  
As when in midnight wood, breathed o'er by moon-  
light fair?

Thou priceless phial, welcome unto me!  
With reverential awe I handle thee!  
In thee I honour human skill and art.  
Thou essence of all gentle slumber-juice,  
Thou extract of its direst pow'rs profuse,  
Proof of thy strength now to thy lord impart!  
I view thee and my sufferings are smoothed,  
I seize thee and my weary strife is soothed,  
The spirit's flood-tide ebbs now more and more,  
Out on to ocean high I floating glide,  
Around my feet lies stretched the sparkling tide,  
A new-born day woos to a new-born shore.

A flaming chariot floats on pinions light  
Approaching me! I feel myself made strong,  
On a new course through air to pierce my flight,  
To the pure works which to new spheres belong.  
Oh! this exalted life, this God-like bliss!  
Hast thou deservèd it thou yet but worm?  
Yes, yes, upon the lovely earthly sun



Turn now thy back with resolution firm!  
Embolden thee, the portal open tear  
By which each one would stealthy wish to glide,  
Here is the time to prove by deeds that dare  
Oppose itself man's worth to the God's pride,  
Before that murky cavern not recoil  
Where fancy damns herself to her own pain,  
Towards that passage labour on and toil,  
Around whose narrow mouth all Hell doth flame;  
Upon this step serenely to resolve  
And, be't with risk, to nothing there dissolve.

Thou chrystal goblet pure, come leave thy place,  
Come here to me from out thine antique case,  
T'is many years since I thought on thee last!  
Did'st sparkle at our fathers' jovial feasts,  
Did'st bring diversion to the earnest guests,  
When round from one to other thou wert pass'd.  
The many figures' pomp, rich, artful, bright,  
Which t'was the drinkers' task rhymewise t'explain,  
The cavity at one long draught to drain,  
Remind me of full many a youthful night;  
No next hand neighbour will I reach thee now,  
No wit upon thine art I now will show,  
A juice whose drunken influence soon is wrought  
Is here; with darkling flood it fills thy bowl.  
What I prepared I now myself have sought;  
Be now my latest draught from my whole soul  
As festive welcome to the morning brought!

(he puts the goblet to his mouth.)

PEAL OF BELLS AND CHORUS.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen!  
Joy to man saving,  
Whom the depraving  
Herited, craving  
Sins did imprison.

FAUST.

What clear, pure tone, and what sonorous hum  
Drags down the goblet from my mouth with pow'r?  
Already, hollow bells, ye warn that come  
Is Easter holydays' first festive hour?  
Ye quires, the soothing hymn already now is sung  
Which once in grave-like night from lips of angels rung  
In token of new covenant and dow'r?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices and balms,  
We had him annointed  
And with faithful arms  
Laid him down where appointed.  
We had enwound him  
In new linen fair,  
Alas, and we found him,  
Our Lord, no more there.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen!  
Blest be the loving  
Who from the moving  
Healing and proving  
Trials has risen!

FAUST.

So mighty and so soft, what do ye seek,  
Celestial tones, from me, a thing of earth?  
Go, sound ye elsewhere where are mortals weak,  
I hear the message, but have not the faith.  
Faith's dearest offspring is the miracle.  
To reach those spheres, I dare not wage in strife,  
From which the blessed tidings pour,  
And yet, familiar with those sounds from days of yore,  
They also now recall me back to life.  
Ah! then of Heaven's love the holy kiss  
With solemn Sabbath-calmness on me fell;  
Then so prophetic rang the full toned bell,  
A prayer was to me then most heart-felt bliss.  
A gentle, undefinèd yearning  
Urged me to wander on through wood and field,  
And there, amid a thousand tears' hot burning  
I felt within myself a world revealed.  
This hymn announced the merry games of youth,  
The spring-tide festival of chainless glee,  
T'is but remembrance with her childlike truth  
From the last, earnest step restraineth me.  
Oh! echo on, ye gentle hymns of Heav'n!  
My tears break forth, again to earth I'm giv'n!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

From the dark prison  
Where he was laid,  
Living arisen,  
Glorious made,  
In bliss of being's birth,

•

Forming joys near,  
We on the breast of earth  
Still sorrow here.  
He left his scattered sheep  
Pining below  
Ah! we heart-broken weep,  
Lord, at thy joy!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen  
Up from corruption's breast!  
Open your prison  
Joyfully wrest!  
Praising him glowingly,  
Loving him flowingly,  
Brother-like tending all,  
Wandering teaching all,  
Heaven's bliss preaching all,  
To ye the Lord is nigh,  
He stays ye by!

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## OUTSIDE THE GATE.

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WALKERS of every kind pass out.

SEVERAL APPRENTICES.

And why then go ye there?

OTHERS.

We'll to the Jaegerhouse repair.

THE FIRST.

But we will rather wander towards the mill.

AN APPRENTICE.

I tell ye to the Wasserhof to go.

THE SECOND.

The way is noways fine, ye know.

A THIRD.

And thou?

ANOTHER.

Go with the others there I will.

A FOURTH.

Come on, you're sure to find at Burgdorf here,  
The finest maidens and the best of beer,  
And thrashing of the primeest kind.

A FIFTH.

How now, thou over-lusty Jack,  
The third time hast an itching back?  
I fear the place; to go there I've no mind.

SERVANT GIRL.

No, no, back to the town I will return.

ANOTHER.

We're sure to find him by the poplars there.

THE FIRST.

For me no very great concern.  
He'll never leave thy side I swear.  
When there he'll dance with none but thee,  
What signify thy joys to me!

THE OTHER.

T'is sure he will not be alone to-day.  
The curly pate comes too, we heard him say.

STUDENT.

The deuce, the buxom maidens, how they stride!  
Come brother, come, we must be at their side.  
A strong tobacco, potent beer, thin waist  
Of wench in Sunday fin'ry is my taste.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Just see those handsome fellows there!  
It is a very shame indeed,  
They company the best might share  
And thus behind those servants speed.

SECOND STUDENT (to the first).

Not quite so fast, behind us comes a pair.  
In truth they're charming in that dress,  
My little neighbour too is there;



I like the maiden I confess.  
Their quiet pace they slowly wend  
And yet will take us with them in the end.

THE FIRST.

Sir brother, no! I'm fond of elbow room.  
Make haste, I pray, that we our game don't miss.  
The hand, which Saturday doth ply the broom,  
Doth upon Sundays give the best caress.

CITIZEN.

No, no, I like not our new Burgomaster,  
His impudence now daily waxes faster.  
And for the town what does he more?  
Don't things grow worse from day to day?  
We more than ever must obey,  
And pay much more than e'er before.

BEGGAR (sings).

Ye gentle sirs, ye lovely dames  
With cheeks so red, so bravely clad,  
Give heed, I pray, unto my claims  
See, and relieve my need so sad!  
Let me not vainly sing and wait!  
But he who gives is really gay.  
A day which all men celebrate  
Should be for me a harvest day.

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

On Sundays and on holyday I know  
No better speech than war and war's loud call,  
Where there in Turkey far away,  
The nations on each-other fall.  
One sits behind the window, sips and sips,

On the gay vessels gliding down the stream there  
gazing,  
Tranquil at eve then homeward steps  
Sweet peace and peaceful days loud praising.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Yes, neighbour, yes, I also like it so.  
For cleave each others heads they gladly may —  
For my part all may topsy turvy go  
So all at home goes on its usual way.

OLD WOMAN (to the city-maidens).

Ah! ah! how sweet! the beautiful young blood!  
Who will not through your beauty lose his mind?  
Nay, not so proud! It is already good!  
And what you wish I well know how to find.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

On Agatha! go on! I take good heed  
With such-like witches openly to go;  
On holy Andrew's night, t'is true indeed,  
She bodily my future love did show —

THE OTHER.

She showed me mine in chrystal clear  
So soldier-like, with comrades bold,  
I look and search all round me here  
But nowhere can I him behold.

SOLDIERS.

Castles with lofty  
Ramparts and towers,  
Maidens with crafty  
Proud, boasting powers,



They must be ours.  
Bold is the aiming  
Splendid the prize.

And with the trumpet  
Wooing our way  
Both to enjoyment  
And to decay.  
That is a storming!  
That is a life!  
Maidens and towers  
Yield to our strife.  
Bold is the aiming  
Splendid the prize  
And the bold soldier  
On his march hies.

(Exeunt.)

FAUST AND WAGNER.

FAUST.

Now freed from ice are brook and river  
By spring's life-breathing glance and her gladd'ning ray,  
The vale is greening with hope's bright spray;  
The winter old with feeble quiver  
To mountains rough has crept away,  
And whence he sends but now and again  
Faint, flying show'rs of corn-like hail,  
In stripes across the budding plain;  
But the sun will not that aught rest pale,  
A forming and striving through all is rife,  
For with colour o'er all he will scatter life.

Yet flow'rs are wanting o'er the mead,  
So he takes the gay-dressed folk instead.  
Upon the heights thyself now wend  
A glance back o'er the town to send.  
There from the hollow portal strong  
Pours out a parti-coloured throng.  
Each loves to sun himself to-day.  
The Saviour's resurrection they  
Now celebrate, themselves arisen;  
From lowly house, from fetid croft,  
From handicraft and labour's prison,  
From gables' pressure and from loft,  
From choaking streets unpurified,  
From out the churches' holy night  
They one and all are brought to light.  
See there, the many nimbly glide,  
Their way through field and garden take,  
How in its length and breadth the tide  
Is stirred by many a gay skiff's wake.  
And all but sinking with its load  
This last boat floats upon its way.  
E'en from the distant mountain road  
Upon our sight gleam garments gay.  
The village shouts peal on my ear,  
The people's actual Heav'n is here.  
Both small and great exult with glee:  
Here am I man, here dare I't be.

WAGNER.

To take a walk, sir doctor, here with you  
Brings honour and advantages enough;

Yet, here alone I would not stray, t'is true,  
Because an enemy of all that's rough.  
That fiddling, skittle-playing, screeching,  
Is to me quite a hateful noise,  
They rage as by the devil's teaching  
And call it song and call them joys.

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PEASANTS under the lindentree.  
Dance and song.

To join the dance in bright array  
With knot and wreath and jacket gay  
The shepherd smart was clad.  
Already round the lindentree  
All thronged and danced with frantic glee.  
Tra la! tra la!  
Tra lira! lira la!  
Thus sang the fiddle-glad.

With eagerness he pressed his way  
And brushed against a maiden gay  
With elbow rude enough;  
The ruddy damsel turned her head,  
„I find that stupid now“, she said,  
Tra la! tra la!  
Tra lira! lira la!  
„You should not be so rough.“

They dance away in circle light.  
They dance to left, they dance to right,

And all the garments fly.  
They all wax red, they all wax warm,  
And all rest, panting, arm in arm,  
Tra la! tra la!  
Tra lira! lira 'la!  
And hips 'gainst elbows lie.

„Not so familiar now I pray.  
How many a bride has been, they say,  
Deceivèd and betrayed.“  
And yet he flattered her aside  
And from the lime it echoed wide:  
Tra la! tra la!  
Tra lira! lira la!  
Loud shouts and fiddle glad.

OLD PEASANT.

Sir doctor, it is kind in you  
Not to have shunned us here to-day,  
But, tho' so great a scholar, deign  
Amid the crowd thus take your way.  
Also accept the fairest cup  
Which we with freshest draught here fill,  
In which I drink your health and wish  
It not alone your thirst may still;  
Drops many as this cup may hold  
To you in sum of years be told.

FAUST.

I take the cooling beverage  
And thanks and health to all re-pledge.

OLD PEASANT.

Good truth, it is a rightful thing  
That you this joyful day appear.  
At other times you have done well  
In days of evil by all here.  
Here many a one stands breathing, whom  
Your father, e'en at latest hour,  
Tore from the burning fever's rage  
When he cut off the dread pest's pow'r.  
Then also you, a half grown man,  
Entered through many a sick man's door,  
Full many a corpse was carried forth  
But you came out sound as before.  
Hard proofs enough you had to bear,  
The Helper helped the helper there.

ALL.

Health to the provèd man, that he  
Still long a helper here may be.

FAUST.

To Him above us lowly bend,  
Who teaches aid and aid can send.

(he goes on further with Wagner.)

WAGNER.

What feelings must be thine, O thou great man!  
Born of the admiration of this throng!  
Oh! happy he, who from his gifts so strong  
And great advantage extract can.  
Art pointed out by father's hand,  
And each one presses, hastes and prays,

The fiddle stops, the dancer stays.  
Thou goest, and in ranks they stand,  
Into the air the bonnets flee;  
It needs but little they should bend the knee  
As came the venerable.

·FAUST.

But yet a few more steps up to yon stone,  
We'll rest awhile after our wand'ring there!  
Here often, full of thought, I sat alone  
And vexed myself with fasting and with pray'r,  
Then rich in hope, firm in belief,  
By wrung hands, sighs and tears I thought  
That from the scourging pest, relief  
From Heaven's sovereign might be bought.  
The world's applause now sounds as scorn to me.  
Oh! could'st thou in my bosom read  
How little, son and father, we  
Have merited such glory's meed!  
My father was a gloomy, honest man,  
Who mused on Nature and her sacred law  
In honesty, still in his own way though,  
With whimsical, unwearied plan.  
Who, with a circle of adepts,  
Himself in gloomy kitchen locked,  
And from interminate receipts  
Did the disgusting brew concoct.  
Then was a lion red, a wooer bold,  
In tepid bath unto the lily wed,  
In open crucible together rolled  
And tortured then in many a bridal-bed.



If then in varied colours' pride  
The young queen in the glass appeared,  
This was the medicine; the patients died,  
And no one asked who was cured.  
Thus with electuary of Hell  
We here in mountain and in dell  
Far worse than pestilence did rage.  
To thousands I myself the drug did give,  
They pined away, and I must live  
To hear the hardened murd'rers praised.

WAGNER.

How can this cause you grief or care?  
T'is sure enough for honest man  
To use those gifts fall'n to his share  
With truth and pains as best he can?  
If thou thy father honourest as youth  
So wilt thou gladly own his teaching,  
If thou, as man, canst add to science' truth  
So may thy son win yet a higher reaching.

FAUST.

Oh! happy he who still dare hope succeed  
Above this sea of errors to arise.  
The thing unknown is just the thing we need,  
And that we know out of our wanting lies.  
But let us not this moment's joyous flow  
By such a gloomy melancholy blight;  
Look there, how in the sun of evening's glow  
The green embowered cottages gleam bright.  
He moves and sinks, the day draws to its end.  
He hastens on in furthering new life.

To raise me from this earth that nought will lend  
Me wings to soar towards him in ceaseless strife.  
I should in endless evening-light  
The still world at my feet behold,  
Each valley calmed, enflamèd ev'ry height,  
The silver-brook flow on in streams of gold.  
Then would the God-like course be unchecked by  
The mountain wild with deep and tortuous ways,  
Already ocean with her warmèd bays  
Opens upon the wond'ring eye.  
At last the god seems from our view to sink,  
But then the new-waked impulse springs to light.  
I haste of his eternal light to drink —  
Before me day, behind me there the night,  
Beneath me there the waves, above me there the Heav'n.  
A lovely dream — but now he fades from sight.  
Ah! that the spirit-wing itself unite  
To mortal wing, is not so lightly giv'n.  
Yet t'is inborn in each t'is true,  
That forwards and towards Heav'n his feelings spring,  
When o'er us, lost in ether blue,  
Its quiv'ring song the lark doth sing,  
When o'er the rugged pine-clad steep  
On outspread wing the eagle lies,  
When over plain and over deep  
The crane his homeward journey hies.

WAGNER.

I oft myself had such capricious hours,  
Yet ne'er till now have known such impulse' pow'rs.  
One soon ones fill on wood and field can look.



T'is not in me to covet bird's best wing.  
How different the joys of mind which bring  
Us on from page to page, from book to book.  
Then do the winter's nights grow mild and fair,  
A blissful life through ev'ry limb doth glow,  
And ah! when one unrolls a parchment rare  
All Heav'n itself sinks o'er us here below.

FAUST.

One single impulse is by thee confess'd.  
To know the other never learn!  
Two souls, alas, reside within my breast,  
To tear themselves asunder each doth yearn.  
The one in earthy, carnal lust,  
With clasping organs to the world doth cling,  
The other, mighty, rising from the dust,  
Would to the plains of high forefathers wing.  
Oh, be there spirits in the air,  
Who, ruling, weave between the heav'n and earth,  
Descend ye from the golden vapours there  
To new and varied life to bear me forth!  
Alas, were but a magic mantle mine,  
Which me away to foreign lands could bring,  
I would it not for richest robe resign,  
No, not e'en for the mantle of a king.

WAGNER.

T'invoke the well-known legion be not bold,  
Which, streaming, spreads itself through vapours' sphere,  
Which unto man the dangers thousand fold  
Prepareth and from all parts bringeth here.  
The biting spirit-tooth out from the North

Speeds down on thee with arrow pointed tongues  
From morning land they, drying up, pour forth  
And feed and nourish them upon thy lungs.  
Sent by the South and in the desert nursed  
They glow on glow upon thy head pour down,  
The West then brings the swarm which strengthens  
first

In order thee and field and mead to drown.  
They gladly hark, on mischief gladly bent,  
Gladly obey, while us they gladly cheat,  
Assume an air as if by Heaven sent,  
Like angels lisp while uttering deceit.  
But let us go, the earth with grey doth blend,  
The air grows chill, the fogs descend.  
T'is but at eve one learns ones home to prize.  
Why dost stand there and gaze thus in surprise?  
What is there in the twilight there to trouble?

FAUST.

Dost see yon black dog rove through corn and stubble?

WAGNER.

I've seen him long; he of no weight does seem.

FAUST.

Look well, and say what thou the beast dost deem.

WAGNER.

A poodle, which, according to its kind,  
Torments itself upon its master's scent.

FAUST.

Dost see, in snailshell circlings he doth wind  
And round us hunts, each circle nearer bent?

And, err I not, a sparkling, fiery track  
Upon his path behind there lies.

WAGNER.

I see nought else except a poodle black,  
It may be some deception of your eyes.

FAUST.

It seems me as if light-wove magic slings  
To future bond he round our feet here winds.

WAGNER.

Uncertain, fearful, round I see he springs  
While he two strangers 'stead his master finds.

FAUST.

The ring grows small, e'en now he's near!

WAGNER.

Thou see'st! a dog! no apparition's here.  
He whines, he doubts, upon the earth doth crawl,  
He wags his tail. Dog's custom all.

FAUST.

Come, join thyself to us! Come here!

WAGNER.

A foolish poodle, it is clear.  
Thou standest still, he waits to see;  
Thou speak'st to him, he fawns on thee;  
Lose anything he will it bring,  
He'll for thy stick in water spring.

FAUST.

True, thou art right; I find no trace at all  
Of apparition; it is training all.

WAGNER.

The dog when he's brought up and trained with care  
E'en in the wise man's interest finds a share.  
Yes, all thy favour he deserves t'is clear,  
This clever scholar of the students here.

(They pass through the gate.)

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## S T U D Y.

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FAUST enters with the poodle.

I've left behind me wood and hill  
O'er which a solemn night is breaking;  
With holy and foreboding chill  
In us the better soul is waking.  
Now sunk to rest are passions deep,  
And with them each tumultuous throe,  
Now love to man awakes from sleep  
And love to God awakens too.

Still, poodle, still! nor up and down thus rove!  
What dost thou on the threshold snuffle there?  
So, so, now lay thee down behind the stove,  
My softest cushion unto thee I'll spare.  
As thou upon the hilly paths out there  
By running and springing so pleased us hast,  
So also now accept my care  
As peaceful and as welcome guest.

Ah! when in narrow cell and drear  
The lamp once more is mildly burning,  
T'is then within our bosom clear,  
And clear in heart itself discerning.  
Again does reason 'gin to speak,  
Again does hope begin to blow;  
One yearns the streams of life to seek,  
Ah! to the source of life to go.

Nay, snarl not poodle! To the holy strain  
Which now my deepest soul surrounds  
Will not accord those brute-like sounds.  
We're used to hear men mockingly disdain  
That which they cannot comprehend,  
To hear them of the good and fair complain  
Which often they themselves most irksome find.  
Poodle! To snarl at it as they do art inclined?

But ah! already now, e'en with best will, I know  
No satisfaction more from out my breast will flow.  
But why so soon must the stream run dry,  
And leave me again in thirst to lie?  
Too much experience of this is mine.  
There yet is something which this want supplies.  
We learn the supernatural to prize.  
We yearn for Revelation's pow'r divine,  
Which nowhere burns more worthy or more clear  
Than does in the New Testament appear.  
To seek the ground-text I've an impulse great,  
Impartially and once for all



The sanctified original  
Into my well-loved German to translate.

„In the beginning was the word“, is said.  
E'en here I stop! Who gives me further aid?  
Impossible the Word so high to prize,  
I must translate it otherwise.  
If by the spirit I'm enlightened clear  
„In the beginning was the Sense“ stands here —  
Consider well the first line then!  
And do not overhaste thy pen!  
Is all created, worked by Sense's hand?  
„In the beginning was the Pow'r“ should stand.  
Yet also when to write this down I'd fain  
A something warns I'll not by this remain.  
The spirit aids, I've sudden help in need,  
I write „In the beginning was the deed.“

If I with thee this room must share,  
Poodle! cease howling there!  
Let barking be!  
For such a noisy friend as thee  
Near me in truth I cannot bear.  
Of us two, one  
This cell must shun.  
I love not churlish host to play,  
The door is open, free thy way.  
But stay! What do I see!  
Can this in nature be?  
Is it a shadow or is it truth?

My dog grows long and broad in sooth!  
Himself with might he rears;  
No dog in such a form appears!  
What spectre brought I to my house!  
He looks like Hippopotamus  
With fearful jaw and fiery eye.  
Nay! well I know what course to try.  
For such a semi-brood of Hell  
Does Salamonis' key act well.

SPIRITS in the corridor.

Within imprisoned there is one!  
Rest without and follow him none!  
As the fox in the snare,  
An old hell-lynx whines there.  
But give ye heed!  
Hover to and hover fro,  
Above, below  
And he then himself has freed.  
Can help him aught  
Then be it wrought!  
For many favours he has done  
Already to us ev'ry one.

FAUST.

First to confront this beast of hell  
I of the four will use the spell.  
Salamander shall glare,  
Undina shall wind,  
Sylph melt into air,  
Kobold trouble find.



Who knows not before  
The elements four  
And their might  
And pow'rs' height  
O'er spirits he  
No lord can be.

Away in flame's glow,  
Salamander!  
Foaming together flow,  
Undine!  
In meteor shine,  
Sylphid!  
Bring homely aid,  
Incubus! swiftly hear!  
In conclusion now appear.

None of the four  
Is the animal's core,  
It lieth quite quiet and grinneth at me;  
Not yet I've made him wince, I see.  
Shalt hear to thy harm  
I've mightier charm.

Companion fell  
Art fled out of hell?  
Then see thou this sign!  
Before which incline  
The legions black.

Already he swelleth with bristling back.

Thou reprobate breed  
Canst thou the sign read?

Bound behind the stove with spells  
As an elephant it swells,  
The whole apartment it will fill,  
Into vapour it will flow.  
Reach not there the roof until!  
Crouch before thy master low!  
In vain I do not threaten, learn,  
For thee with holy flame I burn!  
Wait not the might  
Of three-fold glowing light!  
Wait not the might  
Of greatest powers of my art!

(MEPHISTOPHELES comes from behind the stove clad as a travelling student.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why all this noise? What service, sir, can I impart?

FAUST.

This was the the poodle's kernel now!  
A travelling student, faith! The casus makes me smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unto the learned man I bow!  
You've made me bravely sweat the while.

FAUST.

What dost thou call thyself?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question's mean  
For one who doth the word so much despise,

Who, wide removed from all that's sheen,  
But being's depth does scrutinize.

FAUST.

With ye, good sirs, one can your kind  
Out from your name in gen'ral find,  
In which it but too clearly lies,  
If one doth call you liar, spoiler, god of flies.  
Well now, who art thou then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part am I of that might,  
Which aye with wicked will createth what is right.

FAUST.

What meaning now within this riddle lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the pow'r which aye denies!  
And with full right! for all that ere is made  
Is worthy in destruction to be laid;  
Therefore t' were better were no origin.  
All by you as destruction, sin,  
In short as wickedness is meant,  
Is my peculiar element.

FAUST.

Thou standest 'fore me whole, yet nam'st thyself a part?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I thee impart.  
If this poor foolish world, yclept mankind,  
Is by itself, as oft, a whole defined:  
Of that which at the first was all, I am a share,  
Part of the darkness which the light did bear,  
That haughty light which now with mother night

Disputeth space and former kingdom's might,  
And yet he fails, much as he strives, for he  
Still unto substance must enchainèd be.

He streams from substance, makes the substance fair,  
A substance checks him in his flow,  
Yet still ere long I hope to know  
Him with that substance' self destruction share.

FAUST.

Now do I know thy high employ!  
Thou canst on large scale nought destroy,  
Therefore on little hast begun.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, in good truth, not much therewith is done.  
That which opposes to the nought,  
The something, this world roughly wrought,  
Much as I've tried up to this hour  
To harm her I had ne'er the pow'r.  
With earth-quake, storm, flood, fire, in vain —  
Peaceful still earth and sea remain!

And with the brute and human brood, that cursed  
trash,

With them is nothing to be made!  
How many in their graves I've laid!  
A fresh, new blood aye flows in circulation rash.  
Thus it goes on, one could run mad in troth!  
From air, from water as from earth  
A thousand germinations start  
In dryness, damp, in warmth, in cold!  
If for myself the flames I did not hold  
I for myself had nought apart.

FAUST.

Thus 'gainst the acting might eterne,  
The healthful and creative pow'r,  
With cold and dev'lish fist dost spurn,  
Clenching in vain with vicious lour!  
Other employment shouldst thou seek  
Of Chaos thou the wonder-son.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We certainly next time will speak  
More fully of what's to be done.  
Might I perhaps at present go?

FAUST.

Why thou dost ask, I do not see;  
Now that I've learnèd thee to know  
At thy convenience visit me.  
The window's here, the door is there  
The chimney too will serve, no doubt.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A trifling hindrance I'll declare  
Opposes to my marching out.  
That sign which on the sill I see.

FAUST.

The pentagramma makes thee fear?  
Thou son of hell, then say to me,  
If that can ban, how could'st thou enter here?  
Such spirit can be duped — and how?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

T'is badly drawn — regard it now!  
That outward angle there as thou canst see  
Was open left a little bit.

FAUST.

T'was but of chance a lucky hit!  
And captive then thou art to me?  
It turned out well without all plan.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle nothing marked as bounding in he ran.  
The thing now wears another face,  
The devil cannot leave the place.

FAUST.

Yet still why not there through the window go?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of goblins and of devils t'is a law  
Where they slipped in they must their way retrace.  
The first is left us free, the latter we obey.

FAUST.

Then hell herself has statutes — say?  
I find that good; and so a compact may,  
A sure one too, be closed, good sirs, with ye?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou fully shalt enjoy what's promised thee.  
In all things thou shalt have fair play.  
Yet this is not arranged so soon,  
We'll speak of this next time I pray;  
And now to let me go my way  
I beg thee as the highest boon.

FAUST.

A single moment yet remain  
Just first to set my mind at ease.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, let me go! I'll soon come back again;  
Canst question then as thou dost please.

FAUST.

No trap or springe for thee I set.  
T'is thou thyself the net hast sought.  
The devil hold who can him get;  
He'll not so soon the second time be caught.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If thou art pleased, I'm ready here to stay,  
To keep thee company awhile;  
Though with condition that I may  
The time with profit through my arts beguile.

FAUST.

I'll gladly see, thy choice is free,  
But that the arts may pleasing be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou wilt for meditation deep,  
My friend, more in this hour now reap  
Than in the year's monotony.  
That which the gentle spirits sing,  
The lovely pictures which they bring,  
Are not an empty magic show.  
Rejoice will too thy sense of smell,  
Thy palate too be tickled well,  
Thy senses all will rapture know.  
No preparation does it need,  
Together are we, so proceed!



SPIRITS.

Vanish ye gloomy  
Cloud-piled vaultings!  
Fairer be gleaming,  
Friendly, blue beaming  
Ether o'erhead!  
Oh! were the darkling  
Clouds disappearing!  
Tiny stars sparkling,  
Milder suns, peering,  
Shining instead!  
Beauty ethereal  
Of the sons aerial  
Hovering, waving,  
Floateth away.  
Deep yearning craving  
Follows their way;  
And the bands streaming  
Of garments gleaming  
Cover lands beaming,  
Cover the arbour  
Where life-vows breathing  
Thoughtful are lovers,  
Each to each giving.  
Arbour by arbour!  
Young tendrils wreathing!  
Falls the grape blushing  
In the vat seething  
Of the press crushing,  
In rivers rushing

Foaming wines dashing,  
Rippling and splashing  
O'er pure jems flashing,  
'Hind them are leaving  
Heights and are forming  
Seas and are weaving  
Round and adorning  
Hills verdure springing;  
Birds too are winging,  
Rapture enjoying  
Towards the sun hieing,  
Towards the light-crested  
Islands are flying,  
Which on waves breasted  
Floating are lying.  
Where we are hearing  
Choruses cheering,  
O'er fields advancing  
We see the dancing,  
Holiday making,  
Each his way taking.  
Some there are springing  
Over the hill-side,  
Others are swimming  
Over the deep tide,  
Others are bending  
All towards life tending,  
All to the distance,  
Blessed existence  
Of lover's star.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps! T'is well ye airy sons and young!  
True ones, to sleep ye have him sung!  
My creditors ye for this concert are.  
Thou art not yet the man the devil fast to hold;  
Now, hov'ring round him, visions sweet unfold,  
Deep sink him in illusion's sea;  
But from the threshold's spell the gnawing bold  
Of tooth of rat must set me free.  
I need not summon long, already near  
Comes rustling one who quick my charm will hear.

The master of the rats and mice,  
The flies, the frogs, the bugs, the lice,  
Commands thee boldly to appear,  
And gnaw upon the threshold here  
Just where thou seest oil of his dropping!  
Already dost thou come there hopping!  
Fresh to the work! the banning angle's edge  
Is on the outer front there of the ledge.  
Still yet one bite and then t'is o'er. —  
Now Faust, dream on until we meet once more.

FAUST (awaking).

Have I again then been deceived?  
Does vanish thus the phantom band?  
To see the devil in a dream I b'lieved,  
And that a poodle 'scaped my hand?

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S T U D Y.

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FAUST. — MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock? Come in! Who now storms my retreat?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

T'is I.

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou must it thrice repeat.

FAUST.

Come in then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So to me art dear.

We shall, I hope, quite well agree!

To drive the gloomy whims from thee

Am I as noble squire here,

In doublet red with gold o'erwrought,

Of stiffest silk my mantle short.

With cock's gay feather in my hood,

Long pointed rapier girded on,  
And counsel thee now, short and good,  
Just such another suit to don,  
That thou, emancipated, free,  
May learn to know what life may be.

FAUST.

In ev'ry dress would yet the misery  
Of narrow earth-life on me weigh;  
I am too old merely to play,  
Too young without desires to be.  
What's in the world for me to gain?  
Abstain thou must! Thou must abstain!  
This is the everlasting song  
Which in the ear of each one rings,  
Which through our whole existence long  
Each hour unto us hoarsely sings.  
T'is but with dread that I awake at morn,  
With bitter tears my eyes could run  
To see the day which, speeding to its bourne,  
Will not one wish of mine fulfil, not one,  
Which e'en the fore-taste of each zest  
With wayward peevishness makes less,  
And each creation of my breast  
With thousand life-cares does repress.  
And must I, when the dark night her veil throws  
O'er earth, with fear lay down my head,  
E'en then is granted no repose,  
I'm racked with dreamings wild and dread.  
The God who in my bosom dwells  
Can deep my inner being prove;

Who all my energies compels  
Of things without not one can move.  
Thus is this life to me a weary weight,  
I long for death and my existence hatè.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet death is never quite a welcome mate.

FAUST.

Oh, happy he if in bright conquest's pride  
Death bloody laurels round his temples winds,  
Whom he, when doth the frantic dance subside,  
Wrapt in a maid's embraces finds!  
Oh, were I 'fore that glorious spirit's might  
Away enraptured, lifeless sunk.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet by some one on a certain night  
A dark brown liquid was not drunk.

FAUST.

To spying then it seems me thou art prone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All-knowing I am not; yet much to me is known.

FAUST.

If I from out that tumult wild  
By sweet familiar tone was rent,  
And rests of feelings when a child  
With notes of happier times were blent;  
So curse I each thing which the soul  
With coaxing jugglery trepans,  
And here within this mourning hole  
With blinding, flatt'ring power banns.  
Accursed 'fore all th' opinion high



In which the mind itself obscures,  
Accursed be too each blinding lie  
Which throngs our senses with allures.  
Accursed what's lied to us in dreams  
Of glory and of lasting name,  
Cursed be what one possession deems  
And we as wife, child, serf, plough claim.  
Accursed be Mammon when with treasures  
Unto bold deeds he doth incite,  
And when he for our idle pleasures  
Smooths down the pillow of delight!  
Cursed be the balsam-juice of grape  
And cursed the highest charm of love,  
Cursed too be hope! Accursed be faith,  
And cursed be patience all above.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Woe, woe!  
For thou hast shattered  
The lovely world  
With mighty hand,  
It reels and is hurled!  
By demi-god t'is rent and torn,  
By us borne  
Are the wrecks into nought.  
And we mourn  
O'er its beauties' decay,  
Mighty thou  
Mid sons of clay,  
Prouder now  
Build it again,



Build it within thy bosom here!  
New life's career  
Commence,  
With lightened sense,  
Whereon a new strain  
Now let us hear!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The small ones they  
Who me obey.  
Hark how they to lust and deed  
Precocious lead!  
O'er the wide earth  
From solitude's dearth,  
Where sense and juice of life stagnate  
T'entice thee on they wait.

Cease now to trifle with thy woe  
Which like a vulture preys upon thy heart;  
The worst of company makes thee to know  
That with mankind a man thou art.  
Yet still t'is no intent  
Thee among the pack to throw!  
I'm not of the great ones, know;  
If joined to me art content  
Thy course through existence to wend,  
I myself will gladly lend,  
On the spot to be thine.  
Thy companion, in fine  
If I well behave  
I'm thy servant, am thy slave.

FAUST.

And in return what am I to fulfil?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that thou hast a lengthy respite still.

FAUST.

No, no, the devil is an egotist,  
And does not lightly for God's will  
Aught that another may assist.  
Speak the conditions plain and short,  
For peril by such slave to home is brought.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will me Here unto thy service bind  
And never rest nor slumber at thy claim;  
When me again eachother Yonder find,  
Thou then for me must do the same.

FAUST.

The yonder to me little matters;  
If first you dash this world to shatters  
The other then may rise to-day.  
From out this earth all my enjoyments flow,  
Upon my sufferings this sun doth glow;  
When but to banish these I know  
Then happen both what will and may.  
Nought of the future more I'll hear,  
Or if we yonder hate and love,  
And also there if in each sphere  
Is found a downwards or above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In such a temper canst thou dare.  
Then bind thyself; soon, I declare,

With pleasure thou my arts shalt see.  
What none e're saw I'll give to thee.

FAUST.

Poor devil thou, and what wilt thou bestow? —  
Has ever one like thee yet learned to know  
The mind of man in its high-soaring will?  
Yet hast thou meats which do not fill,  
Hast red gold which is never still,  
Quicksilver-like which in the hand doth fuse —  
A game at which one aye must lose,  
A maid who, while yet on my breast,  
Already woos my neighbour with her leers,  
Of honour the bright God-like crest  
Which as a meteor disappears.  
Show me the fruit which ere t'is plucked doth rot,  
And trees which don new verdure ev'ry day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission frights me not,  
Such treasures at thy feet I'll lay.  
A time will also come, my valued friend,  
When something good in peace we can enjoy.

FAUST.

Should ever I find peace on softest couch to lie,  
Be then for me all at an end!  
Canst thou with flatt'ry make me b'lieve  
That please unto myself I may,  
Canst thou me with delights deceive,  
Be that for me the final day!  
The bet I offer!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

Hand on hand lay!

Should I unto the moment say,  
„Ah linger yet! thou art so fair“,  
Then may'st thou me in fetters lay,  
Then will I gladly ruin share!  
Then may the gloomy death-bell call,  
Then art thou from thy service free,  
The clock may stop, the index fall,  
And past be then all time for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think well, for we the circumstance will treasure.

FAUST.

A right thou justly dost retain;  
I of myself have taken no rash measure.  
I still must serve as I remain,  
Or thine, what heeds, or other's pleasure!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall at our inaugural feast to-day  
At once a servant's service fill.  
But first! — In case of life and death I will  
Just for a line in writing pray.

FAUST.

O pedant! something writ too askest thou?  
And hast thou known no man, no word of man till now?  
Is't not enough that my self-uttered word  
Through all eternity my days decree,  
Does not the world rave on, in all streams stirred,

And shall a promise then be chain to me?  
Yet is this phantom by our hearts confessed;  
Who gladly of it would be clear?  
Happy who bears pure truth within his breast;  
No sacrifice for him's too dear!  
But parchment writ upon and with seal pressed  
An apparition is which all men fear.  
The word e'en dies while in the feather,  
The mastery have wax and leather.  
What wilt thou of me, spirit fell?  
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, tell!  
Shall I then write with graver, pen or stile?  
Free choice to thee I leave of each.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How canst thou all at once thy speech  
So hotly overwork the while?  
Each little leaf will do — in fine,  
With just one little drop of blood thou 'lt sign.

FAUST.

I'll yield unto this farce of thine,  
If this secure thee 'gainst all guile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a quite peculiar juice.

FAUST.

That I this bond should break, come now, no fear!  
The striving of my pow'rs profuse  
Is just the thing I promise here.  
For I to things too high have yearned;  
T'is but my place to rank with thee.  
The mighty spirit hath me spurned,

Nature doth veil herself from me.  
The thread of thought is snapped in twain,  
Long have I loathèd learning's chain.  
Ourselves in lust's deep sea let's throw,  
Our glowing passions there to quell!  
Beneath impervious veil of spell,  
Each wonder be preparèd now!  
Let's plunge into time's rushing dance,  
Into the roll of circumstance.  
May there pleasure and pain,  
Disappointment and gain,  
Mix with each other as best they can;  
But restlessness is fitting state for man.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor aim nor bounds to you are set.  
If't please you ev'rywhere to taste,  
In flying by to snatch in haste,  
Much good may't do you what you get.  
Set to and be not shy, I pray!

FAUST.

Of pleasure is no speech, once more I say.  
To drunken whirl I vow me, pain's most blissful glow,  
Enamoured hatred and refreshing woe.  
My bosom now from learning's pressure healed,  
Shall never close itself to suff'ring more,  
And what is to the whole of mankind dealed  
I will enjoy within my inward self's deep core.  
To wrest in mind with all most high, most deep,  
Their weal and woe upon my bosom heap,



And thus my very self unto their self dilate,  
And, like themselves, at last share their wreck's fate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, believe it me, who many a thousand year  
'Gainst this hard food his teeth has pressed,  
That from the cradle to the bier  
No man the ancient leaven could digest!  
Believe one like me, this Whole so bright  
But for a God alone is made,  
He dwelleth there within eternal light,  
Us has He down into the darkness laid.  
For you is day as well as night displayed.

FAUST.

But yet I will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is well said!

There is but one thing which I fear  
The art is long, the time short here.  
I thought you'd let yourself be led.  
Keep with a poet company,  
Set him to work at musings deep,  
Let him each noble quality  
Upon your honoured cranium heap —  
The lion's crest,  
Fleetness of hind,  
Th' Italian's fiery breast  
The Northern's patient mind.  
Let him the secret for you find  
Cunning and openness to bind,  
To love with youthful passion's glow,



And yet on one set plan to go.  
I would myself as crony claim him,  
Sir Microcosmos I would name him.

FAUST.

What am I then, if t'is beyond my part  
The crown of human race t'attain,  
Towards which my ev'ry sense doth strain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou after all art — what thou art.  
Place on thy head perukes with million locks,  
Set thou thy foot down upon ell-high stocks,  
Thou aye remainest what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it, I have round me heaped in vain  
The many treasures of the human mind,  
And when at last to sit me down I'd fain  
Still no new impulse wells within I find.  
I am not by a hair's breadth higher,  
And to the infinite no nigher.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sir, you view the matters there  
Exactly as the things one sees;  
We must them render clearer e're  
Away from us life's pleasure flees.  
Pox on it! feet and hands indeed  
And head and — — all are thine;  
And all that I enjoy with greed  
Is it for this less mine?  
If I six stallions purchase can  
Is not their strength my property?

I dash along and am as good a man  
As four and twenty legs had I.  
Fresh therefore! Let all moping be  
And straight into the world with me!  
I tell thee, one with speculating head  
Is like a beast on heather ground  
In circle wide by wicked spirit led  
While meadows fair and green are lying round.

FAUST.

How are we to begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We'll just be off, so come;  
Bah! what a place of martyrdom!  
A very charming life, good sooth,  
To death to vex oneself and youth?  
With neighbour Panuch then let it rest!  
To plague thyself with thrashing straw why care?  
Of all that thou can'st know the best  
Tell to the boys thou dost not dare.  
E'en now I hear one drawing near!

FAUST.

Impossible to see him now!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor lad! he's long been waiting here,  
And unconsolated he must not go.  
Thy cap and gown on me I'll fit;  
The mask must bravely suit I trow.

(disguising himself.)

Confide now all unto my wit!

I need no more than fifteen minutes short;  
Meanwhile go make you ready for our sport!

(exit Faust.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (in Faust's long robe).

Reason and knowledge but contemn,  
The very highest pow'rs of men,  
In things of sham and magic guise  
Be urged on by the prince of lies,  
And thou art safe caught in my springs —  
A mind has destiny unto him giv'n  
Which unrestrained its head-course ever wings,  
Which over-hastily has striv'n,  
And thus the joys of earth o'er springs.  
Him through the whirl of life I'll drag,  
Through shallow insipidity,  
He shall falter, stick and flag,  
And to his rank avidity  
Both meat and drink before his lips I'll hold;  
For comfort vain shall be his pray'r;  
E'en had he not himself unto the devil sold  
He still would in perdition share.

(Enter a STUDENT.)

STUDENT.

I am not long arrivèd here,  
And come, full of respectful fear,  
Th' acquaintance of a man to seek  
Whose name all men with rev'rance speak.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much your politeness flatters me!

A man like many more you see.  
Have you before applied elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I pray you take me to your care.  
I come with disposition good,  
A mod'rate purse and youthful blood;  
My mother scarce would let me go;  
Much in the outside world I fain would know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've found the very place good sooth!

STUDENT.

Wish myself home again in truth.  
Within these walks and walls confin'd  
It is by no means to my mind.  
It is a far too narrow space,  
One sees no tree nor verdant place;  
Upon the benches in the hall  
I lose my ears, eyes, senses all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This does but from the habit spring.  
A child unto its mother's breast  
Will not at first quite kindly cling,  
But soon with joy her bosom's press'd.  
Thus will the breast of wisdom too  
Each day more joy afford to you.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck with pleasure will I cling;  
Just show me, pray, how I may reach the thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before you further go explain  
What is the faculty you wish to gain?

STUDENT.

I wish to be a learned man  
And what's upon the earth to scan,  
And what the heavens too contain;  
Nature and science I'd embrace.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've hit upon the proper trace;  
Let not your thoughts go wandering again.

STUDENT.

Both soul and body do I lend;  
Yet much I'd like, I do confess  
Summer's fair holidays to spend  
In liberty and carelessness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make use of time, its onward course is swift;  
Order will teach to you time's thrift.  
I counsel you, my dear friend, hence  
With college logic to commence.  
Your mind will then be tamed to taste,  
In Spanish boots so tightly laced  
That with more ease it may be brought  
To slide along the road of thought,  
Nor like an ignis fatuus' light  
Hither and thither take its flight.  
They'll teach you then through many a day  
That which till now in simple way  
You've done, that eating, drinking free,

One, two, three! done by rule must be.  
True, in the fabric built by thought,  
Like master-piece by weaver wrought,  
One treadle thousand threads doth wind,  
The shuttles shoot from side to side.  
Unseen the varied threads all glide,  
One stroke a thousand ties doth bind!  
Then in walks the philosopher  
To prove you what he does aver;  
The first was so, the second so,  
Therefore the third and fourth are so.  
If first and second had not been  
The third and fourth had ne'er been seen.  
All scholars this with praise confess,  
Yet none turn weavers ne'ertheless.  
Who aught alive would study or portray  
Seek first to drive its soul away;  
Then has he the material parts in hand,  
Alas, is wanting but the spirit-band.  
*Encheiresin Naturae*, chemists say  
Who mock themselves nor know the way.

STUDENT.

Cannot quite understand you though.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It will the next time better go,  
When you have learned all to reduce  
And classify after its use.

STUDENT.

I'm so confused by all you've said,  
T'is as a wheel were spinning in my head.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then before aught else you try  
You must to metaphysics well apply!  
See that you by deep thought attain  
To things too subtle for man's brain;  
What is or is not understood,  
By pompous word's to be made good.  
Above all, for the first half year,  
In all things punctual appear.  
You'll hear five lectures ev'ry day;  
Be there at stroke of clock I pray!  
Yourself beforehand well prepare,  
Study the paragraphs with care  
That later you may well o'erlook  
He nothing says but what stands in the book;  
To writing set with zeal elate  
As by the Holy Ghost's dictate.

STUDENT.

To say this twice you'll have no need!  
How much it aids I well can think;  
For what one has writ down in ink  
One carries home consoled indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Choose for yourself a science though!

STUDENT.

To study law I can't apply me with good will.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I can't take that in you so very ill.  
How the profession stands full well I know.  
Both laws and rights are handed on



Like an hereditary ill;  
They trail themselves from father down to son,  
Till spreading slow each place they fill.  
Sense turns to nonsense, good to plague,  
Woe unto thee that grandson art!  
Of rights which are of us an inborn part  
There's neer alas e'en question vague.

STUDENT.

Unto my deep dislike you add.  
Who's taught by you may well be glad.  
To choose theology I almost long.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd no way wish to lead you wrong.  
What's of this science to be said,  
Into wrong paths t'is so hard not to stray;  
So much of hidden poison's in it bred  
That what is drug or poison's hard to say.  
Here also it is best but one to hear,  
And by this Master's word to swear.  
Upon the whole — to words stick fast  
Through sure gate then you'll reach at last  
Unto the shrine of certainty.

STUDENT.

Yet still some meaning in the word must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right! Still one must not put on too anxious  
face;  
When meanings fail t'is just the place  
That words are of utility.  
Words are the things for a dispute,

Words to lay down a system suit,  
On words t'is easy t'oo to believe,  
From words not an iota can one thief.

STUDENT.

My many questions hinder you, yet pray,  
I must still further trouble you.  
Would you not weighty word or two  
On physic also to me say?  
Three years is but a scanty meed,  
And, God! the field is wide indeed!  
If one's but by a hint inspired  
Much better one can feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside).

Of this day's prosing now I'm tired;  
Must once more the real devil play.

(aloud.)

The soul of medicine is easy won;  
The study of the great and little word you'll use  
That at the end things may go on —  
As God may choose.  
Roaming about with science you yourself but teaze,  
Each one but learns the things which learn he can;  
T'is he who doth the moment seize  
That is the proper man.  
You are by no means badly made,  
Courage will not be wanting too,  
To trust yourself if not afraid  
Then other souls will trust in you.  
To learn to read the sex be sure;  
Their ohs! and ahs! from days of old

So thousandfold,  
Are from a single point to cure;  
If in half modest guise you come  
You have them all beneath your thumb.  
A title first must give them confidence  
That 'gainst your art all other arts are vain;  
You are admitted to the privileges hence  
Which through long years another fawns to gain.  
Learn well the little pulse to press,  
And seize, with looks of wantonness,  
Upon the taper hip, quite free  
To feel how tightly laced it be.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that! The how and where  
we see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My well-loved friend, grey is all theory,  
And green life's tree with golden gleam.

STUDENT.

I swear to you, all seems to me a dream.  
Might I still trouble you some future time  
T'explain the grounds with your research sublime

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll do my best with all my heart.

STUDENT.

I cannot possibly depart  
Before you've in my album writ one line.  
To grant this favour pray incline!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right glad!

(He writes and gives it back.)

STUDENT (reads).

*Eritis sicut Deus, scientis bonum et malum.*

(Closes the book respectfully and takes his leave.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But after the old proverb and my coz the snake now go,  
Some time thou'lt with thy stamp of God enough of  
sorrow know.

FAUST (enters).

And whither go we now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where'er it pleases thee.  
The little, then the greater world we'll see.  
With how much profit, how much zest  
Thou through the course will pick and taste!

FAUST.

But yet with my unshaven face  
Of the world's ways I lack the grace.  
I'm sure to fail in the assay;  
A part out in the world I ne'er could play.  
In company I feel so small;  
Aye in embarrassment I fall.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good friend, by own accord t'will smoothly run;  
Trust thou thyself. the art of life's then won.

FAUST.

How then are we to get away?  
Where hast thou horses, carriage, men?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This mantle we but outspread lay,  
And through the air t' will bear us then.  
But thou on this advent'rous ride  
No heavy baggage take beside.  
Of air inflammable a trifle I'll prepare  
Which lifts us quick from earth to air.  
With swiftness we shall mount if light our weight;  
On thy new course of life I thee congratulate.

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AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPSIC.

---

(SIX LUSTY FELLOWS DRINKING.)

FROSCH.

Will no one laugh? Will no one swill?  
Teach all of ye to grin I will!  
Ye are but like wet straw to-day,  
Else burn ye merrily away.

BRANDER.

The fault is thine; thou dost us nothing bring.  
No single folly, not one beastly thing.

FROSCH (throws a glass of wine over Brander's head.)  
There thou hast both!

BRANDER.

Thou double swine!

FROSCH.

Wouldst have it so, the wish was thine!

SIEBEL.

Throw out of doors who quarrel will!  
Strike up a round with open heart, shout, swill!  
Up! Holla! Ho!



ALTMEYER.

Woe's me for I am done!

Bring cotton here! this knave my ears doth stun!

SIEBEL.

'Tis only when the vault with echo peals  
That one the true pow'r of the bassist feels.

FROSCH.

Quite right! Who takes it ill, out with the loon!  
A tara, lara, da!

ALTMEYER.

A tara, lara, da!

FROSCH.

Our throats are all in tune.

(sings.)

The Roman Empire holy, dear,  
How holds it still together?

BRANDER.

A filthy song! Bah! a politic song!  
A filthy song! Thank God with ev'ry morrow  
Ye for the Romish Empire need not sorrow!  
At least no slight advantage I it hold  
Nor chancellor nor Emp'rор to be call'd.  
Yet still without a head we must not be;  
Choose for ourselves a Pope will we.  
What is the quality ye know  
Sets up the man, decides the blow.

FROSCH (sings).

Madam Nightingale take wing,  
To my love ten thousand greetings bring.



SIEBEL.

Of greeting unto sweetheart I 'll not hear!

FROSCH.

Greeting and kiss to her! thou shalt not interfere!

(sings.)

Bolt withdrawn when midnight breaks!

Bolt withdrawn, thy lover wakes!

Bolt shot to when morning greys!

SIEBEL.

Aye, sing, prithee sing on, make boast of her and praise!

My time for laughing too I 'll see.

She took me in, she 'll do the same with thee.

As sweetheart may a goblin be her prize!

He may on cross-road toy with her so sweet!

May old he goat which from the Blocksberg hies

In gallopping good night unto her bleat!

A hearty lad of genuine flesh and blood

Is for the wench by far too good.

Of greeting her I 'll nothing know,

But stones in through her window throw!

BRANDER (striking the table).

Attend! Attend! To me give ear!

Ye must confess I know to live;

Enamoured ones are sitting here,

Therefore to suit their state 'tis clear

I as good night must something to them give.

A song of newest cut! Attend!

Join loud the chorus at the end!

(sings.)

Once in a cellar lived a rat  
Eating nought but lard and butter,  
Till he himself a paunch begat  
Like that of Doctor Luther.  
The cook had laid her poison grim;  
Then grew the world too hot for him,  
As love were in his belly.

CHORUS.

As love were in his belly.

BRANDER.

He ran around and he ran out,  
Of ev'ry puddle drinking,  
Gnawed, scratched through all the house about  
Yet nought could help his sinking.  
He gave full many a death-bound strong,  
The poor beast had enough ere long.  
As love were in his belly.

CHORUS.

As love were in his belly.

BRANDER.

He ran for fear in open day  
Into the kitchen hopping,  
Fell on the hearth and twitched and lay  
And panted there quite shocking.  
Then laughed the minister of death  
„Ha! Ha! He's drawing his last breath,  
As love were in his belly.“

CHORUS.

As love were in his belly.

SIEBEL.

How they enjoy themselves, the flats!  
It is indeed a pleasant prank  
Poison to lay for the poor rats!

BRANDER.

High in thy favour then they rank?

ALTMAYER.

The fat-paunch there with the bold pate!  
The misadventure's brought him low.  
He there in the great swollen rat  
The image of himself doth know.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must, before all other thing,  
Thee among merry fellows bring,  
That thou may'st see how easy 'tis to live.  
To the folk here each day a feast doth give.  
With little wit, assurance great,  
Each in the narrow circle-dance twirls round,  
As with their tails young kittens bound.  
When not by headache made irate  
And long as host will give them tick,  
They're gay and up to ev'ry trick.

BRANDER.

They just come off the road, 'tis plainly seen,  
One knows it by their manners strange and mien.  
They have not been an hour yet here.

FROSCH.

In truth art right! Leipsic's the place for me I swear!  
A little Paris 'tis, and polishes its folk.

SIEBEL.

What thinkest thou they are in truth?

FROSCH.

Let me alone! While I a full glass drain  
I, easily as infant's tooth  
Will draw the secret from the twain.  
They seem to me to come of noble race  
They've such a proud and discontented face.

BRANDER.

They're mountebanks I bet a groat.

ALTMAYER.

Perhaps.

FROSCH.

Now mark! I'll smoke them well!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to Faust).

These folk would ne'er the devil smell  
E'en if he had them by the throat.

FAUST.

My service to you, sirs!

SIEBEL.

Much thanks. To you the same.

(aside and looking Mephistopheles askance.)

Why is the chap in one foot lame?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you allow we also take seats here?  
'Stead of good liquor which we cannot find,  
The company will prove good cheer.

ALTMAYER.

You seem most daintily inclined!

FROSCH.

From Rippach you have lately come, I guess?  
Did sup with Mr. Hans before you came away?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We passed him without halt to-day!  
We spoke to him the last time ne'ertheless.  
He talked of all his cousins much at large,  
With greeting unto all he did us charge.

(Bowing to Frosch.)

ALTMAYER (aside).

Thou hast it there! He knows what's what!

SIEBEL.

A knowing pate.

FROSCH.

I'll have him soon if you'll but wait.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We heard, if I'm not very wrong,  
Well practised throats a chorus sing!  
No doubt most excellently song  
In echos from this vault must ring!

FROSCH.

You are perhaps a dilettant?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no! the pow'r is weak through great the wish I  
grant.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A score if you incline.

SIEBEL.

But that it be bran new I'd fain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We are but just returned from Spain,  
The lovely land of song and wine.

(sings.)

Once was a kingly ruler  
Who had a great big flea —

FROSCH.

Hark ye! A flea! Did ye mark that by hap!  
A flea's a pleasant sort of chap.

MEPHISTOPHELES (sings).

Once was a kingly ruler  
Who had a great big flea,  
He loved him nothing cooler  
Than if his son were he,  
„My tailor,“ was his pleasure,  
The tailor quickly goes;  
„For clothes the younker measure,  
And measure him for hose.“

BRANDER.

T'impress the tailor don't forget, I pray,  
To measure him with nicety,  
And, if his head dear to him be,  
To make the breeches smoothly lay!



MEPHISTOPHELES.

In silk and velvet texture  
Now finely he was dress'd,  
With ribbons on his vesture,  
A cross too on his breast.  
Was forthwith made minister,  
A brilliant star did sport.  
Each brother and each sister  
Became great folks at court.

Lords, ladies and dependants  
Had peace and rest no more,  
The queen and her attendants  
Were gnawed and bitten sore.  
Nor did they dare to crack them  
Nor scratch them into flight.  
We crack and we attack them  
Whenever they do bite.

CHORUS.

We crack and we attack them  
Whenever they do bite.

FROSCH.

Bravo! Bravo! Excellent!

SIEBEL.

May this be each flea's punishment!

BRANDER.

Seize them with fingers pointed fine!

ALTMAYER.

Here's long life to freedom! Here's long life to wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To drain a glass to liberty I should not care,  
Provided that your wine a little better were.

SIEBEL.

That to repeat you'd well forbear!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I only fear the landlord might exclaim;  
Else would I treat each worthy guest  
To glasses of our cellar's best.

SIEBEL.

Nay, nay, go on! I'll bear the blame.

FROSCH.

Give us good glasses and we'll praise you all.  
Nor let your samples be too small;  
For if to judicate's my task  
A proper muzzle full I ask.

ALTMAYER (aside).

As I can guess they're from Rhine's shore.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring me a gimblet here!

BRANDER.

What for I pray declare!

You've surely not your casks before the door?

ALTMAYER.

A bag of tools belonging to the host lies there.

MEPHISTOPHELES (takes the gimblet).

(to Frosch.)

What do you wish to taste? Now say!

FROSCH.

What do you mean? Have you such varied kind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I leave each free to please his mind.

ALTMEYER (to Frosch).

To lick thy lips already thou begin'st, eh! eh?

FROSCH.

Good! Then, if I'm to choose, for Rhine wine I will call.  
Our Fatherland affords the finest gifts of all.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(boring into the edge of the table where Frosch is sitting).

To make the spiles at once a little wax procure!

ALTMEYER.

Ah! these are juggler's tricks I'm sure.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to Brander).

And you?

BRANDER.

Champagne's the wine for me;  
And bright and foaming let it be!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(bores again, meanwhile one of the others has made the stoppers and stopped the hole).

BRANDER.

What's strange can't aye be set aside,  
What's good is far removed oft.  
A genuine German heart no Frenchman can abide,  
Yet still by him his wine is quaff'd.

SIEBEL (as Mephistopheles approaches him).

I do not like what's acid I aver,  
A glass of genuine sweet I pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES (bores).

For you at once shall flow Tokay.

ALTMAYER.

Nay, look me in the face you sir!  
You're making fun of me I plainly see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay! with such noble guests as ye  
'T would be a liberty too great.  
Quick! Quick! Speak but the word out straight!  
What wine can I now offer you?

ALTMAYER.

Each one, so I've not long to wait.  
(After all the holes are bored and stopped.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (with strange gestures).

Grapes are by the wine borne!  
He-goats they bear a horn;  
Wine is juicy, vines are wood,  
Wood tables too can yield wine good.  
In Nature's depths a glance profound!  
A wonder's here be faith but sound!  
Draw now the props and drink your fill!

ALL

(as they draw the stoppers the wine of each man's choice runs into his glass).  
For us what lovely spring doth rill!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do but take care that ye do nothing spill!  
(They drink repeatedly.)

ALL (singing).

Happy as cannibals are we,  
And as five hundred swine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They're in their glory, see their joy's excess!

FAUST.

I now should like to go my way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But first give heed! their beastliness  
Most gloriously they'll now display.

SIEBEL.

(drinks carelessly and the wine which falls upon the ground turns to flames.)

Help! Fire! Help! Help! Hell fire doth flame!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to the flame).

Thou friendly element be tame!

(to the drinkers.)

This time 'twas but a drop of Purgatory's fire.

SIEBEL.

What may that mean? Wait! We'll have vengeance dire!  
It seems you do not know our name.

FROSCH.

From saying that again you'd well keep clear!

ALTMAYER.

I think in peace 'twere best to let him go his way.

SIEBEL.

What sir, you dare to disobey,  
And play your *hocus pocus* here?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still old wine-but!

SIEBEL.

Broomstick thou!

With rudeness thou wilt treat us e'en?

BRANDER.

But wait! It shall rain blows I ween!

ALTMAYER

(draws a spile from the table and fire springs out).

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL.

Ha! sorcery!

Have at the knave, fair game is he!

(drawing their knives and attacking Mephistopheles.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (with earnest gestures).

False word and false face

Change ye sense and place

Through each space!

(They appear confounded and look at each other.)

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a lovely land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! See I aright?

SIEBEL.

And grapes here close at hand!

BRANDER.

Here under this green arbour's shade,

See what a stem, what grapes display'd!

(He seizes Siebel by the nose. The others do the same one with the other and brandish their knives.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (as above).

Error loose their vision's band!

Mark well the devil's mode of jesting.

(Disappears with Faust. The fellows start back from one another.)

SIEBEL.

What is it?

ALTMAYER.

How?



FROSCH.

Was that thy nose?

BRANDER (to Siebel).

And thine I have here in my hand!

ALTMAYER.

It was a shock which thrilled through ev'ry limb!  
Bring me a chair, my head doth swim!

FROSCH.

Nay, what has happened, tell me pray?

SIEBEL.

Where is he? Let me him surprise,  
With life he'll not escape, I say!

ALTMAYER.

Out through the cellar door, with mine own eyes —  
Upon a cask I saw him ride away —  
Like lead my feet oppose my will.

(Turning towards the table.)

My! should the wine be flowing still!

SIEBEL.

All was deceit, a cheat, a shine —

FROSCH.

Yet still I fancied to drink wine.

BRANDER.

But then how was it with the grapes?

ALTMAYER.

Let none more preach disb'lief in wond'rous shapes!

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## WITCHES' KITCHEN.

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A large cauldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth. Different figures are seen in the flames rising from it. A FEMALE MONKEY is sitting by the cauldron skimming it and taking care that it does not run over. The MALE MONKEY is seated near with the young ones and warming himself. The walls and ceiling hung with the strangest articles of witch furniture.

FAUST. — MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

I loathe this mad concern of sorcery!  
Dost promise me that I shall be  
Healed in this waste of nonsense cracked?  
Do I advice from an old woman need?  
And can this cooked-up mess subtract  
Years thirty from my head indeed?  
Woe's me, if nothing better thou canst find!  
Already hope has fled away.  
Has then by Nature or by noble mind  
No single balsam been invented, say?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, thy speech once more is sound!  
There are means natural youth to renew;

But in another book they're to be found,  
And form a curious chapter too.

FAUST.

Know them I will.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well good! a method without gold,  
Doctor or sorcery to know:  
At once betake thee to the mould,  
Begin to dig, begin to hoe,  
Restrict thy senses and thyself  
Within a narrow circle's bound,  
Support thyself on unmixed food and sound,  
Live with the beast as beast, nor think that thou dost  
thieve,  
If thou the land which thou dost crop dost dung;  
That is the best of methods, b'lieve,  
At eighty years to make thee young.

FAUST.

I'm all unused to it, nor can I break  
Myself the spade into my hand to take.  
A narrow life will not suit me at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The witch must aid thee after all.

FAUST.

But why just the old woman pray?  
Can't be by thee the drink distill'd?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T would be indeed a pleasant play!  
Meanwhile I would a thousand bridges build.  
Science and art alone wont do,

The work hath need of patience too.  
A quiet spirit works at it yēars long;  
'Tis time alone which makes the ferment strong.  
And all belongings which it need  
Are curious enough 'tis true!  
The devil taught her it indeed,  
Yet still the devil cannot brew.

(perceiving the monkeys.)

How delicate the breed pray scan!  
That is the maid, and that the man!

(to the monkeys.)

Your mistress does not seem at home to be?

THE MONKEYS.

Feasting she,  
From t'house flown  
By the chimney stone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is she used to riot, say?

THE MONKEYS.

While we warm our paws she'll stay away.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to Faust).

How dost the tender creatures find?

FAUST.

I ne'er saw greater tastelessness!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A like discourse I must confess,  
Is just best suited to my mind!

(to the monkeys.)

Accursed whelps, to me declare  
What are ye stirring through the brew?

THE MONKEYS.

We cook coarse beggars-broth so rare.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your publicum will not be few.

HE-MONKEY (fawning on Mephistopheles).

Oh, quick the dice pitch  
And render me rich,  
Give good luck to me!  
My fate is most sad,  
If gold I but had  
Respected I'd be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How happy too the monkey it would make  
If in the lotto he could also stake!

(The young monkeys meanwhile have been playing with a large globe and roll it forwards.)

THE HE-MONKEY.

That is the world!  
Up, down 't is hurl'd,  
And aye doth spin;  
Like glass it rings!  
How soon that springs?  
Hollow within;  
Much gleams it here,  
And still more there —  
Life am I in!  
My dear son, pray,  
Keep thee away!  
Thou must die!

'Tis made of clay,  
In shards 'twill fly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the sieve there?

THE HE-MONKEY (taking it down.)

If thief thou were,  
Full soon I should wot.

(runs to the female and makes her look through.)

Through the sieve see!  
Is he known to thee?  
And dar'st name him not?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then this pot?

THE MONKEYS.

The ideot sot!  
He knows not the pot,  
He knows not the kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly ape!

THE HE-MONKEY.

The brush in hand take,  
And sit on the settle!

(He makes Mephistopheles sit down.)

FAUST

(who has all this time been looking into a mirror, now approaching and now receding).

What do I see? What image fair  
Within this magic mirror springs!  
O love! lend unto me the swiftest of thy wings  
And me into her presence bear!



When on this spot I do not rest, oh me!  
And when I venture to draw near,  
But as enveiled in mist she does appear! —  
The fairest image of a woman she!  
Is't possible that woman is so fair?  
Must I the essence of all heavens see  
In the outstretchèd limbs and body there?  
Can anything like this on earth be found?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When first a God works hard for six whole days.  
And then himself a bravo says,  
Of course must be produced a something sound.  
For this time now thy gazings sate;  
Just such a love I know to find for thee,  
And happy he whose happy fate  
To lead her home as bride may be!

(Faust continues to gaze in the mirror. Mephistopheles stretches himself on the settle and continues speaking.)

Here sit I as the king upon the throne,  
I hold the sceptre here, I only want the crown.

THE MONKEYS

(who have hitherto being playing strange antics, bring Mephistopheles a crown with loud cries).

Oh, be but so good  
With sweat and with blood  
The crown here to glue.

(They handle the crown awkwardly and break it into two pieces with which they jump about.)

'Tis done now, and we,  
We speak and we see,  
We hear and rhyme too!

FAUST (opposite the mirror).

Woe's me, I shall run mad indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES (pointing to the monkeys).

My own head almost reels I must declare.

THE MONKEYS.

And if we succeed,  
If things are agreed,  
Then are there thoughts there!

FAUST (as above.)

My bosom doth begin to glow!  
Quick, quickly let us go our way!

MEPHISTOPHELES (in the same position).

Well, after all we learn to know  
That poets in sincerity are they!

(The cauldron which the She-Monkey has neglected, boils over; a great flame starts up and streams up the chimney. The WITCH with horrid cries comes shouting down through the flame.)

THE WITCH.

Ough! ough! ough! ough!  
Thou damnèd beast, thou cursed sow!  
Neglecting kettle, scorching me now!  
Accursed sow!

(discovering Faust and Mephistopheles.)

What is here now?  
Who are ye now?  
What will ye now?  
Who slunk here in?  
The red fire grim  
Seize on each limb!

(She dips the ladle into the cauldron and sprinkles flames at Faust, Mephistopheles and the Monkeys. The last whimper.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(inverting the brush which he holds in his hand and striking among the glasses and pots.)

In two! in two!  
There lies the brew!  
The glass is broke!  
'Tis but a joke,  
Thou beast, the stroke  
Thy melody unto.

(As the witch steps back in rage and astonishment.)

Dost know me? Atomy! Thou old scarecrow!  
Dost recognize thy lord and master now?  
What hinders me from laying low  
Both thee and thy ape-spirits too?  
Dost thou no more respect my doublet red?  
Dost thou not know the cock's plume in my cap?  
Have I concealed my face or head?  
Must I then name myself perhaps?

WITCH.

The greeting rough, lord, pardon me!  
But still no horse's foot I see.  
Your ravens twain too, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once th'excuse will serve thy need;  
For t'is a goodly time indeed  
Since we have crossed each-other's way.  
Refinement too, which all the world doth lick,  
Doth e'en unto the devil stick;  
No more the Northern phantom's to be viewed;  
Where now do horns and tail and claws intrude?

And as regards the foot, which I can't do without,  
'T would harm me in the world's ideas,  
Therefore like many a gallant youth I've gone about  
With artificial calves for years.

WITCH (dancing).

I'll lose my sense and reason sheer!  
See I the gallant Satan once more here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of that name, hag, I beg keep clear!

WITCH.

But why? what has it done to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Long in the fable-book 't has been contained;  
Yet man is still no better off 'tis true.  
From th' evil one they're freed, the evil have remained.  
Lord Baron canst thou say, then is the matter good.  
Am cavalier like ev'ry other cavalier.  
Thou hast no doubt that I'm of noble blood;  
The arms which I do carry, see, are here!

(making an unseemly gesture.)

WITCH (laughing immoderately).

Ha! Ha! That is your way I ween!  
You are a wag as you have ever been

MEPHISTOPHELES (to Faust).

See that you learn this well, my friend!  
To deal with witches 'tis the way, depend!

WITCH.

What can I offer you, sirs, say?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A glass of the familiar juice I pray;  
Yet must I for the oldest beg;  
Its strength improves the longer it doth lay.

WITCH.

Most welcome! Here a flask have I  
Which now and then I taste and try,  
Which no more has the slightest stink;  
A glass to you with joy I'll give.

(softy to Mephistopheles.)

But still if unprepared that man doth drink,  
So can he, as you know, not one hour longer live.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He is a valued friend, and that he thrive I will;  
Your kitchen's best I gladly to him grant.  
Thy circle draw and thy spell chant,  
And then for him a goblet fill!

WITCH.

(with strange gestures draws a circle into which she places curious objects; the glasses begin to ring, the kettle to utter sounds and to make music. At last she brings a great book, places the apes which serve her as desk and which hold the torches, in the circle. She motions Faust to draw near.)

FAUST (to Mephistopheles).

Nay, say to me what all this means!  
This foolish stuff, these magic scenes,  
The tasteless, lying jugglery  
Are known and hated too by me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bah! Farces! 'Tis for laughing's sake;  
So stern a man now do not be.  
She must as doctor hocuspocus make  
In order that the juice act well on thee.

(He makes Faust enter the circle.)

WITCH

(declaiming out of the book with great emphasis).

Thou then must know!  
From one ten show,  
And let two go,  
Make even three,  
And rich thou'lt be.  
Lose then the four!  
Of five and six,  
So says the witch,  
Make sev'n and eight,  
T'is accurate;  
And nine is one  
And ten is none.  
That is the witches one time one!

FAUST.

She's raving in delirium.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much more of it is yet to come —  
I know it well; the entire book runs so;  
And with it I've lost moments not a few,  
A perfect contradiction, know,  
Is equal mystery for sage and idiot too.



The art is old and new, b'lieve me.  
In ev'ry age the mode has led  
Through three and one and one and three  
Error in place of truth to spread.  
One teaches, prates thus without let;  
Who 'll plague himself with fools distraught?  
In general man b'lieves but hearing words; and yet  
He should allow himself the licence too of thought.

WITCH (continues).

The lofty might  
Of science' light  
From all the world is hidden!  
Who takes no care  
Has it for his share,  
'Tis his by care unriden.

FAUST.

What nonsense does she chant before us?  
Soon will my very head be broken.  
It seems as though I heard a chorus  
By hundred thousand ideots spoken.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough! enough, thou charming sybil thou!  
Bring here thy drink and fill up now,  
E'en to the very brim itself, thy cup;  
For to my friend this drink no hurt will be;  
A man of many a grade is he,  
And one who's swallowed many a sup.

WITCH.

(with much ceremony pours the draught into the cup; as Faust raises it to his  
lips a light flame starts up.)



MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no, that pattern of all woman's grace  
Thou 'lt soon in flesh and blood before thee find.

(softly)

That drink within thy guts will make  
Thee each one for a Helen take.

---

S T R E E T.

---

FAUST. — MARGARET (passes along).

FAUST.

Fair lady, dare I offer, pray,  
My arm to lead you on your way?

MARGARET.

Am neither lady nor am fair,  
Can unescorted home repair.

(disengages herself and goes on.)

FAUST.

By Heavens! but this child is fair!  
Her equal ne'er I've seen, I swear.  
She is so virtuous and staid,  
Yet something pert too she display'd.  
Her rosy lip, her fair cheek's glow,  
I'll ne'er forget them here below!  
The way in which she sunk her eyes  
Deep on my heart imprinted lies;  
How tart she was, the fair young thing,  
'Twas absolutely ravishing.

MEPHISTOPHELES (enters).

FAUST.

Hark! thou must get the wench for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which one?

FAUST.

She who just passed by here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What she? Just from her priest comes she.  
From all her sins he spoke her clear;  
I glided to the chair quite near;  
She is a thing most innocent,  
Who sinless to confession went;  
I cannot bend her to my will!

FAUST.

Yet she is over fourteen still.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou speak'st just like Jack Dissolute,  
Who each fair flow'r's possession would dispute,  
And believes there to be honour none  
Or favour which may not be won;  
But still it wont at all times do.

FAUST.

Sir Laudable, I say to you  
To leave me with moral law at peace!  
For short and good I here declare  
If that sweet, youthful creature there

With me this same night's couch wont share  
Our compact at midnight then shall cease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider but the means and ways!  
I must at least have fourteen days  
But opportunity to produce.

FAUST.

Had I but space of seven hours  
I'd no need of devil's pow'rs  
So young a creature to seduce.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You all but like a Frenchman prate;  
But do not be cast-down, I pray;  
What good at once t'enjoy, I say?  
The pleasure's by no means so great  
As if at first with flatt'ry true  
And ev'ry kind of nonsense you  
The tender doll had fashionèd and wrought,  
As is by many a French tale taught.

FAUST.

Without that I've enough of zest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now without bickering or jest!  
With this fair child I say to you  
To hurry things it will not do.  
With storm there's nothing to be done;  
With stratagem she must be won.



FAUST.

Get me of her's one single thing!  
Me to her resting-place but bring!  
Get me a kerchief from her breast,  
A garter which my love has press'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So that my great anxiety  
To serve your passion you may see,  
No single moment we'll throw away,  
I'll e'en take you to her room to-day.

FAUST.

And shall I see her? Have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!

For to a neighbour's she will go.  
You, left alone the meanwhile though,  
May feast on hopes of future joy  
Within her sphere, e'en till you cloy.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis too early yet.

FAUST.

Thou must me a présent for her get.

(exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At once a present? Good! Thus will he gain the prize!  
I know full many a pleasant spot  
And buried treasures long forgot;  
I first a little must revise.

(exit.)

EVENING.

---

A neat little room.

MARGARET (braiding her hair).

I'd something give could I but say  
Who was that gentleman to-day!  
He had a gallant air; I'd wage  
He comes of noble lineage;  
And this on his brow was plainly seen —  
So saucy otherwise he'd not been.

(Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. — FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in, quite softly, here, this way!

FAUST (after a pause).

Nay, leave me here alone, I pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES (looking round).

Not ev'ry maid's so neat, I say.

(Exit.)

FAUST (looking round).

Oh! welcome thou sweet twilight grey!  
This sanctuary here floating through!  
Oh, ye sweet pangs of love my heart now sway,  
Which live so languishing on hope's bright dew!  
What feelings of tranquillity,  
Of order and content breathe round!  
What riches in this poverty!  
What rapture in this cell is found!

(Throws himself into the leathern chair by the bed-side.)

Receive me! thou who generations gone  
Received in joy and grief with open arm!  
How oft around this patriarchal throne  
Have children clustered in a merry swarm!  
For Christmas gift perhaps in gratefulness  
Pious my love, with child's cheek full and warm,  
Her grandsire's withered hand did kiss and bless.  
I feel, o maid, the spirit's sway  
Of fill and order hover round,  
Which prompts thee as a mother day by day  
And bids thee the neat cloth upon the board to lay;  
Nay e'en to curl the sand upon the ground.  
O Godlike hand so dear to me!  
This hut is changed into a heav'n by thee!  
And here!

(He lifts up the bed-curtain.)

What blissful tremor seizes me!  
Oh for long hours of lingering!  
O Nature! here in light dreams didst thou bring  
The angel towards maturity;

Here lay the child! here life's warm flood  
Into its tender bosom shed,  
And here, in hallowed weaving good,  
God's image was developèd.

And thou! By what hast here been brought?  
How deeply do I feel me wrought!  
What wilt thou here? Why is thy heart so sore?  
O wretched Faust! I know thee now no more.

Doth magic air surround me here?  
So great the instant lust I felt!  
And feel myself in dreams of love now melt!  
Toys are we to each change of atmosphere?

And should she enter at this moment now,  
How would'st thou for thy guilt atone and pray!  
The braggart, ah how shrunk, would bow  
Down at her feet dissolved away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make haste! She's coming there below.

FAUST.

Go! Go! I'll never more return.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a case, no light concern,  
I've ta'en it elsewhere you must know.  
Quick place it on the cupboard's shelf,  
I swear she'll be beside herself;  
Some bagatelles I put within

Another pretty thing to win.  
True, child is child and play is play.

FAUST.

Nay, shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Can you ask, I say?  
Perhaps you 'd like to keep the treasure?  
I counsel you then well beware  
The precious moments for your pleasure  
And me all future trouble spare.  
I hope you are not miserly!  
I rub my hands and scratch my head —  
(placing the casket in the closet and closing the lock.)

Now quick away!  
So that by you the sweet child may  
After heart's wish and will be led;  
You look within  
As 'twere the lecture room where you must in,  
Where grey and bodily awaiting you  
Are Physics, Metaphysics too!  
Away! —

(exeunt.)

MARGARET (with a lamp).

'Tis here so close and sultry now.

(opens the window.)

And yet without 'tis not so warm.  
I feel myself I know not how —  
I wish my mother would return.  
A shudder through each limb doth fly —  
A silly, timid girl am I!



(begins to sing while undressing.)

There was a king in Thule  
True e'en unto the grave,  
To him his dying mistress  
A golden goblet gave.

Nought did he so much value,  
He drained it at each bout;  
With tears his eyes o'erflowing  
Oft as he drank it out.

And when he drew near dying  
His kingdom's towns he told,  
All to his heir gave freely  
Except that cup of gold.

He sat at royal banquet  
His gallant knights around  
In proud ancestral castle  
Which sea-girt summit crown'd.

There stood the jovial toper;  
The last draught of life's glow  
He drank, then hallowed goblet  
Threw to the flood below.

He saw it splash and filling  
Sink deep into the sea,  
Then fell his eyes and never  
Another drop drank he.

(She opens the press and perceives the casket.)

How comes this lovely casket in the press?

Certain I am I locked it ne'ertheless.

'Tis strange! I'd like to know what's in it I confess.

A pledge of some one's it may be

On which my mother may have lent.

There on the ribbon hangs a little key,

To open it I half am bent!

Ah! what is here? Good Heavens! See!

I've never seen aught like them, I declare!

Bright jewels which a noble's wife might be

Proud on high festival to wear.

Would not this chain become me there?

Whose may they be, these jewels fine?

(putting them on and going to the glass.)

If but the ear-rings now were mine!

They give one quite another air.

Poor girl, what serves your prettiness?

'Tis well and good, I must confess,

But then they let it all rest there;

They praise us, yes, but half in scorn.

All for gold sigh,

All for gold try.

God help us all forlorn!

---

PROMENADE.

---

FAUST walking up and down thoughtfully. To him  
MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now by all love despised! Now by all hellish fire!  
Would that to curse by I had aught that was more  
dire!

FAUST.

What now? What pinches thee so keen?  
I ne'er saw such a face till now!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would myself unto the devil vow  
Had I myself no devil been.

FAUST.

Is then thy brain disordered, say?  
It suits thee well to rave on in this way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think, a priest into his hands hath lured,  
The jems for Margaret procured!

The mother gets sight of the thing,  
Is straight seized with a shuddering;  
A sharp-nosed woman truly she,  
Who snuffles aye in Breviary.  
Each thing she smells and smells again  
To see if it be holy or profane;  
And in the gems she plainly smelt  
Not much of blessing was outdealt.  
My child, cried she, ill gotten good  
Enchains the soul, consumes the blood.  
We'll offer them at Mary's shrine,  
She'll gladden us with bread divine!  
Young Marg'ret did her mouth distort,  
A gift horse it must be, she thought,  
And wicked he in truth can't be  
Who brought it here so handsomely.  
The mother then sent for a priest,  
And scarcely had he heard the jest  
Than pleased well was he with the view.  
This meaning's good, he thus begins,  
Who conquers self he also wins.  
The church hath stomach good and true,  
Countries entire she hath devoured,  
And ne'er yet hath her stomach soured;  
My friends, the church alone's possessed  
Of power ill gains to digest.

FAUST.

That is a universal thing,  
'Tis also done by Jew and king.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Chain, clasp and ring he swept away  
As if so many mushrooms they;  
Nor thanked nor more nor less, I ween,  
Than if a sack of nuts they'd been;  
Assured them Heaven's promise wide,  
By which both were much edified.

FAUST.

And Marg'ret?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sits now all unstill,  
And knows not what she ought or will;  
Thinks of the gems unceasingly,  
Yet more who may the donor be.

FAUST.

My love's grief fills me with regret!  
At once a new set for her get.  
The first were n't matchless after all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All things this gentleman child's play doth call!

FAUST.

My wishes to fulfil take care!  
Stick closely to her neighbour there.  
Don't be a milk and water wretch,  
Another set of jewels fetch!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, noble sir, I'll quick obey.

(Faust exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such love-sick fool doth puff in air  
Both sun, moon and all stars away,  
Merely as pastime for his fair.

(exit.)

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## THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

---

MARTHA (alone).

Now God forgive my husband dear,  
He did not treat me well, I swear!  
There straight into the world he's gone  
Leaving me on the straw alone.  
I ne'er did aught to vex him, ne'er,  
But loved him in my heart most dear.  
(weeping.)  
Perhaps he's dead! O cruel fate!  
Had I but the certificate!

MARGARET enters.

MARGARET.

Martha!

MARTHA.

Now, child, what's ailing thee?

MARGARET.

My knees are failing me almost!  
I've found a casket, like the last,  
Within my -press, of ebony,

And things magnificent and rare,  
Much richer than the first ones were.

MARTHA.

No word of this your mother say;  
Once more they 'd to the priest away.

MARGARET.

Ah! see them now! Ah view them now!

MARTHA (dressing her up in them).

Oh! lucky, happy creature thou!

MARGARET.

Alas! in neither church nor street  
To show myself in them 'tis meet.

MARTHA.

Come over often here to me  
And don the trinkets on the sly.  
Walk a short hour before the looking-glass and we  
Shall find our pleasure too thereby.  
Then an occasion comes — occurs a feast  
Where one may let folk see them one by one at least,  
A chain at first, the pearl-rings then in ear;  
Thy mother may not see 't, we'll find excuse, ne'er  
fear.

MARGARET.

But who could these two caskets bring?  
There is in it some evil thing!

(a knocking.)

Good God! Is that my mother? Say!

MARTHA (looking through the window).

It is a stranger — Enter, pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At once to enter I've made free;

Ladies, I beg you'll pardon me.

(he steps back respectfully before Margaret.)

For Mistress Martha Schwerdtlein I'd enquire!

MARTHA.

That's I, what would the gentleman desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES (softly to her).

I know you now, and that will do;

You have a high born guest with you.

Forgive the liberty I've ta'en,

This afternoon I'll call again.

MARTHA (aloud).

Just think, child, for the world's dear sake,

He does thee for a lady take!

MARGARET.

A simple maid in me you'll find;

Ah heav'ns! the gentleman's too kind;

The ornaments are not mine own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! it is not the gems alone;

So striking is her mien, her air!

How glad I am that stay I dare.

MARTHA.

What brings you? I impatient wait —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would better tale I could relate!

No blame I hope you will impute me;

Your husband's dead and doth salute ye.

MARTHA.

Is dead? That faithful heart? O my!  
My husband's dead? Ah me, I die!

MARGARET.

Alas! dear friend, do not despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hear me the mournful tale declare!

MARGARET.

I'll never love while I have breath,  
The loss would grieve me unto death.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy must have sadness, sadness joy.

MARTHA.

Relate me then his life's sad close!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Buried in Padua he doth lie,  
At Holy Saint Antonio's,  
In spot well chose and hallowèd  
For cool, eternal slumber bed.

MARTHA.

And have you nothing else to bring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah yes! A heavy, grave request:  
Be sure three hundred masses for his soul they sing!  
My pocket's empty for the rest.

MARTHA.

What! Not a pledge nor trinket e'en?  
Which in his pouches depth each journeyman takes care  
As a remembrance to beware,  
And rather begs, nay hungers e're —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, it costs me grief most keen;  
In truth his money he ne'er squandered, I declare.  
He also of his sins repented sore,  
Aye, and lamented o'er his evil luck still more.

MARGARET.

Ah! that mankind so much of grief should know!  
Indeed full many a Requiem for him I'll sing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Directly do you merit wedding ring.  
You are a gentle child, I trow.

MARGARET.

Ah no, there's time enough as yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a husband, first a gallant get.  
'Tis greatest gift of Heaven's grace  
So sweet an object to embrace.

MARGARET.

'Tis not the custom of the land.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or no, it comes to hand.

MARTHA.

Relate me though!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood beside his dying bed,  
'T was something better than manure,  
Half rotten straw; yet still he died a Christian pure,  
And found that to his score much more was reckonèd.  
He cried, how must I hate my sinful life,  
Thus to have left my bus'ness and my wife!

Ah! the remembrance killeth me.

Would she but pardon me while yet I live!

MARTHA (weeping).

The poor, dear man! Long since did I forgive.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But yet, God knows, the most to blame was she.

MARTHA.

He lied then! What to lie at brink of death!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He fabled certainly with his last breath,

Have I aught of experience.

I had no need for pastime gape, he said,

First to get children, then to get them bread,

And bread in very widest sense,

And could not even eat in peace my proper share.

MARTHA.

And did he thus forget my love and care,

My daily, nightly drudgery?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so, he thought thereon most heartfully.

He spoke: when leaving Malta on our wake

I fervently did pray for wife and child;

And Heav'n so far upon me smiled

That our ship did a Turkish galley take

Which did a treasure of the Sultan's bear.

And gallant daring met reward,

So also I received, as was but fair,

A fitting part, like all the rest on board.

MARTHA.

Ah how? Ah where? Perhaps he has it buried?



MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows where to the four winds have it carried;  
A damsel fair pitied his loneliness  
As he through Naple's streets lounged on his way;  
On him her love and truth she did impress  
So that he kept their marks till his last day.

MARTHA.

The wretch! The robber of his child!  
All misery, all want of bread  
Could noways check his life defiled!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well, you see he now is dead.  
Now, were I in your situation  
I'd for him mourn for one chaste year  
And meanwhile seek a new one to my approbation.

MARTHA.

Ah God! like my first husband dear  
Not easily a second here I'll find!  
A kinder hearted fool one scarce could think.  
He but too much to wand'ring was inclined,  
And stranger women and stranger drink,  
And to that cursed dicing too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well, all merrily had thriven  
If he about as much to you  
Of freedom on his part had given.  
I swear, on such condition, now  
I'd with you change both ring and vow.

MARTHA.

The gentleman is pleased to jest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside).

I'll take myself in time away!

She'd make the very devil keep his say.

(to Margaret.)

How is it with the feelings of your breast?

MARGARET.

What means the gentleman?

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside).

Child good and sinless thou!

(aloud.)

Ladies, farewell!

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Oh, tell me quickly now!

I gladly would a witness have

When, where and how my husband died, and where  
his grave.

I aye loved regularity indeed,

And in the paper fain his death would read.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good madam, yes, two witnesses have e're

And aye sufficed truth to declare;

I have a comrade brave and true,

Who 'll swear it to the judge for you.

I'll bring him here.

MARTHA.

Oh, do it, pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This maiden too will be there, say?

A gen'rous youth! far travelled he,  
To ladies full of gallantry.

MARGARET.

Before him I must blush with shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before no king on earth, fair dame.

MARTHA.

In the back garden we will then  
At eve expect both gentlemen.

---

A S T R E E T.

---

FAUST. — MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How now? How goes it? Will 't soon do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! I find you all on fire?

Soon Gretchen yields to your desire.

At neighbour Martha's she this eve will meet with you.

There is a woman born express

For gypsey and for procuress.

FAUST.

'T is well!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From us too something is required.

F AUST.

Exchange is fair, say, what's desired.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We need but formally on oath attest

That her lost husband's outstretched limbs do rest

Wise Padua's holy ground below.

FAUST.

Most wise! We must perhaps first make the journey  
there!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Sancta simplicitas!* there is no need, I trow;  
Do but without much knowing swear.

FAUST.

If you nought better have, then melts the scheme in air.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O holy man! I have you now!  
Is it the first time in your life, I pray,  
You testimony false have brought?  
And have you not of God, the world and what's there  
wrought,  
Of man, and what by head and heart of man is thought  
Vain definitions boldly giv'n, now say,  
With dauntless brow, unfalt'ring tone?  
And, if you to the core will go,  
Have you there of — you must confess that no —  
As much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death now known?

FAUST.

Sophist and liar art and aye wilt be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, if one somewhat deeper did not see.  
In honour's name to-morrow thou  
Poor Gretchen wilt not cajole now,  
And all thy soul's love to her vow?

FAUST.

And from my heart too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well and good!

Wilt speak of truth and love so burning,  
Of one all-swaying, deathless yearning —  
Will that too from the heart's depth flood?

FAUST.

Peace! peace! It will. — When I am moved  
For this same passion's madd'ning sway  
A name to seek, but finding none;  
Then through the world with all my senses sweep,  
To loftiest expressions leap,  
And this fierce flame with which I burn  
Eternal call, eterne, eterne! —  
Is that a dev'lish lying play?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right!

FAUST.

Mark this, I pray,

I pray thee mark it well and spare my breath —  
Who will be right and has a tongue, till death  
Will keep his say.  
Now come, for I have had enough of chatter.  
Th'art right, chiefly while I can't mend the matter.

---



A G A R D E N.

---

MARGARET on FAUST'S arm. MARTHA and MEPHISTOPHELES walking up and down.

MARGARET.

I feel the gentleman but sports with me,  
But condescends to render me confused.  
A traveller is so well used  
To meet all with complacency;  
Too well I know that my poor prattle can  
Give no amusement to so learned a man.

FAUST.

A look of thine, a word can interest more  
Than the whole sum of this world's lore.

MARGARET.

Nay, trouble not yourself! How can you kiss it so?  
It is so ugly, is so scarred!  
What all have I not been obliged to do!  
Mother indeed is somewhat hard.

(Passing across.)

MARTHA.

And, sir, you're ever travelling, are you not?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! that trade and duty force our will!  
With how much grief one sometimes quits a spot,  
Yet dares not to remain there still!

MARTHA.

'T may do perhaps in youth's wild years  
Thus round and round, free through the world to  
sweep;

But still at last the black day nears,  
And to the grave a lonely bachelor to creep  
Is good for none as aye appears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With shudd'ring I look onwards to that day.

MARTHA.

Then, worthy sir, pray marry while you may.

(Passing on.)

MARGARET.

Yes, out of sight is out of mind!  
Good manners fit you, sir, with ease;  
But you have many friends, and these  
Much wiser you than me must find.

FAUST.

Beloved one, believe, what we good sense baptise  
Is oft but prejudice and show.

MARGARET.

How so?

FAUST.

Alas! that simple innocence ne'er know

Itself, its hallowed worth to recognise!  
That lowness, modesty, the gifts most high  
Of loving Nature's prodigality —

MARGARET.

For but one little moment think of me;  
To think of you full time enough have I.

FAUST.

And much alone are you? —

MARGARET.

Ah yes! our household cares are few,  
Yet must they be attended to.  
We have no maid, so I must cook and knit and sew  
And sweep and run early and late;  
Then mother is in all things, you must know,  
So accurate!  
Not just that she is forced to keep things quite so  
straight;  
We could do more than some were she inclined:  
My father left some property behind,  
A cot and garden outside the town gate.  
Yet are my days more peaceful than before;  
War is my brother's fate,  
My little sister's dead!  
The child brought care enough upon my head;  
Yet gladly would I undertake all plague once more,  
So much I loved the child.

FAUST.

An angel if like thee!

MARGARET.

I brought it up and dearly it loved me.  
After my father's dead 'twas born,  
And mother was so weak and worn  
We gave her up as there she lay;  
And she but very slowly mended day by day.  
She could not think there on, of course,  
Herself the poor young thing to nurse,  
I therefore brought it up alone  
With milk and water; 't was mine own.  
Upon my arm and lap 't would crow  
And sprawl; thus did it bigger grow.

FAUST.

Thou hast, no doubt, felt purest happiness.

MARGARET.

And many anxious hours too, I confess.  
The little cradle stood beside my bed  
During the night, the child scarce moved but I  
Quick wakenèd;  
Now forced to feed, now let it next me lie,  
Now, when 't would not be quiet, rise;  
Then go to market, mind the kitchen too;  
This day by day I had to do.  
Thus, sir, one's spirits are not aye the best;  
True one enjoys one's food, enjoys one's rest.

(They pass on.)

MARTHA.

Poor women have the worst of it, 'tis true;  
To turn a bachelor's no easy matter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, it but depends on one like you  
To teach me how my life to better.

MARTHA.

Speak plainly, sir, say, have you no one found?  
And has your heart itself yet nowhere bound?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says, a proper hearth  
And faithful wife both gold and pearls are worth.

MARTHA.

I mean if you desire have ne'er conceived?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've ev'rywhere been well received.

MARTHA.

I wished to say, was ne'er in earnest then your heart?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With women one should ne'er venture a jesting part.

MARTHA.

You understand me not!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It grieves me heartily!

Yet do I know — you very kind to be.

(They pass on.)

FAUST.

At once, O angel, didst thou recognise  
Me upon entering the garden?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

The liberty I took thou too dost pardon?  
What late my impudence thought fitting  
As the cathedral thou wert quitting?

MARGARET.

I was abashed, 't had ne'er occurred to me;  
None could say ill of me. Ah, has he seen,  
Thought I, aught that's immodest in my mien,  
In my behaviour aught unseemly, free?  
He seemed as waked the sudden thought,  
All ceremony's with this wench for nought.  
Yet I must own I could not find out what  
Here in your favour 'gan to stir itself; 't is true  
Indeed I with myself right angry got  
That I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST.

Sweet love!

MARGARET.

One moment!

(She plucks a star-flower and pulls off leaf by leaf.)

FAUST.

What! a nosegay shall it be?

MARGARET.

No, no, 'tis but a game!

FAUST.

How!

MARGARET.

Go, you 'll laugh at me!

(She plucks and murmurs.)



FAUST.

What murmur'st thou?

MARGARET (half loud).

He loves me — loves me not.

FAUST.

Angelic being thou! Now what?

MARGARET (continues).

Loves me not — loves me — not —

(pulling the last leaf with innocent joy.)

He loves me!

FAUST.

Yes, my child! Let this flow'r-prophecy  
Be Heaven's voice to thee. He loves thee!  
Say, know'st thou what that means? He loves thee!

(taking both her hands.)

MARGARET.

I tremble so!

FAUST.

Oh tremble not! And let this look,  
This pressure of the hand explain  
What is unspeakable;  
To give one's self up wholly and a bliss  
To feel which must eternal be!  
Eternal! For its end would be despair.  
Ah no! No end! no end!

MARGARET.

(presses his hands and, disengaging herself, runs away. He remains one moment in thought and then follows her.)

MARTHA (approaching).

Night's coming on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, and we will away.

MARTHA.

It is too evil tongued a spot  
Else would I beg you longer here to stay.  
'Tis as if none had any work, I wot,  
Nought to be doing  
But watch his neighbour's coming in and going;  
One's brought into their mouths, do what one may.  
And our young pair?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Has wandered down the pathway yond.  
The wanton butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seemeth of her fond.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she of him. And such is the world's way.

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## A SUMMER HOUSE.

---

(MARGARET runs in, gets behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lips and peeps through the crevice.)

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST.

Ah rogue! Thus mock'st thou me!

(kissing her.)

Caught! Caught!

MARGARET (embracing him and returning his kiss).

Dearest of men, I love thee tenderly!

MEPHISTOPHELES (knocks).

FAUST (stamping).

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time we were away.

MARTHA (coming up).

Yes, it is late, good sir.

FAUST.

May n't I go with you, say?

MARGARET.

Perhaps my mother would — Farewell!

FAUST.

Must I go then?

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

Till soon we meet again.

(Faust and Mephistopheles exeunt.)

Good gracious! What variety

Of thought in such a man must be!

I stand abashed before him aye

And yes to ev'ry thing I say.

I'm but a silly child, what he

Can find in me I cannot see.

(exit.)

## FOREST AND CAVERN.

---

FAUST (alone).

Spirit sublime! thou gav'st me, gav'st me all,  
For which I prayed. Not vainly didst thou bend  
Thy countenance in fire down upon me.  
Didst give me glorious Nature for a kingdom,  
The pow'r to feel it, to enjoy it. No  
Cold, wond'ring visit didst thou grant alone,  
Didst grudge me not into her breast profound,  
As in the bosom of a friend, to gaze.  
Thou lead'st the ranks of living in review  
Before mine eyes, and teachest me my brothers  
In the still wood, in air and water know.  
And when the storm in forest roars and creaks  
The giant pine tree, toppling, neighbour boughs  
And neighbour trunks, crushing, is tearing down.  
And to their fall, deep, hoarse the mountain roars;  
Then lead'st thou me to sheltered cave and show'st  
Me there myself, and of my proper breast  
Mysterious wonders deep reveal themselves.

And rises to my view the cloudless moon  
With soothing influence, then hover round  
From rocky walls, out of damp underwood,  
The silver forms of ages that are past  
And soothe deep contemplation's pleasure stern.

Oh, that to man nought that is perfect falls  
Now do I feel. Thou gavest with this bliss,  
Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,  
Me the companion whom I now no more  
Can do without, though, cold and insolent,  
He 'fore myself degrades me, and to nought  
With but a breath-born word thy gifts doth turn.  
He kindles in my breast a raging fire  
Unceasingly for that bright image fair.  
Thus I from craving to enjoyment reel  
And in enjoyment crave for new desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES appears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Does not this life suffice you for the nonce?  
How can't go on thus pleasing you?  
'Tis well enough that we should try it once;  
But then away to something new!

FAUST.

I would that thou hadst more employment  
Than thus my happy hours to dash.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! I leave thee thy enjoyment;  
To tell me this in earn'st were rash.



In thee, companion peevish, harsh, selfwilled,  
There is not much to lose indeed.  
The live long day one has one's hands quite filled!  
What pleases him, what to leave unfulfilled,  
Upon his worship's face one ne'er can read.

FAUST.

That is so truly the right tone!  
For tiring me he asks thanks in addition.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How would'st have spent, poor earth-born son,  
Thy life were't not for my tuition?  
From crotchets of th' imagination  
I've cured thee for some time at least;  
And but for me thy habitation  
Upon this earth e're this had ceased.  
Why to dim cave or rocky cleft dost fly  
There like an owl to stupefy?  
Why sip from sodden moss and dripping stone thy food  
In fashion of the squatting toad?  
A fair, sweet pastime verily!  
The doctor cleaveth still to thee.

FAUST.

Dost understand with what new pow'rs of life  
This wand'ring in the waste for me is rife?  
Aye, couldst thou feel presentiment of this,  
Devil enough art thou to grudge to me my bliss.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A super-earthly pleasure quite!  
To lie upon the heights in dew and night,  
Clasp Heav'n and earth in extacy,

Swell oneself up a God to be,  
Earth's marrow with one's prescient yearning bore,  
Feel all the six days' labour in one's core,  
In haughty pow'r enjoy what all who knows,  
Then all with am'rous rapture he o'erflows,  
The earthy nature quite thrown by,  
And then the intuition high —

(with a gesture.)

I must not mention how — to close.

FAUST.

Fie upon thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis not your taste, I see;  
You have the right to cry fie morally.  
Unto chaste ears we dare not to declare  
That which chaste hearts are all unfit to spare.  
And, in a word, I grudge you not the joy  
At fitting time unto yourself to lie.  
You'll not support it long, 'tis clear.  
E'en now again thou'rt overloaded,  
And, last it longer, will be goaded  
To madness, horror, or to fear.  
Enough of this! Thy love sits yonder,  
By all is saddened and oppressed.  
Her thoughts upon thee ever ponder.  
Love overpowering fills her breast,  
At first thy fierce, raging love came overflowing,  
Like to the foaming brook swelled by the snow and  
rain,  
Hast poured it in her heart so glowing,

Now is thy brook dried up again.  
'Steard of thyself in forest throning  
'T would well become so great a lord  
The poor young monkey to reward  
For all her love, I can't help owning.  
For her time's miserably long.  
Stands at the window, watches the clouds roll  
Away o'er the old city wall.  
Ah, were I but a bird, thus runs her song  
Throughout the day, half the night long.  
Now is she gay, sad for the most part,  
Now wept-out all her tears,  
Then calm she re-appears,  
And aye lovesick at heart.

FAUST.

Serpent! Snake!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good, can I thee take!

FAUST.

Vile reprobate, away from hence,  
Name not to me that woman fair!  
To re-awaken lust for her forbear  
Again within my half distracted sense!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How now? She fancies thou hast taken flight,  
And half and half she's in the right.

FAUST.

I'm near to her, and should I widely rove  
I ne'er can lose, forget nor cease to love;

Nay, with fierce jealousy my breast is rent  
At her lips pressing e'en the sacrament.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is well, my friend! I've envied you full oft  
The twin pair pasturing on roses soft.

FAUST.

Pander, avaunt!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now good! You scold and I must smile.  
The God who fashioned youth and maid  
Well understood the noblest trade  
Of also making place and while.  
Away! a mighty misery!  
To your love's chamber you should fly,  
Not to the grave indeed.

FAUST.

What matters heav'n when in her arms I rest?  
Let me but glow upon her breast!  
Do I not ever feel her need?  
Am I no outcast? One without a home?  
Th'inhuman without aim or rest,  
Who like a cataract from rock to rock doth foam,  
Greedy and raging to the dark gulf's crest?  
At my side she, with simple, child-like mind,  
In little cot on little mountain field,  
And all her homely cares confined  
To what that little world doth yield.  
And I, the hated one of Heav'n, was not content,  
The rocks to 've riven  
And into shatters rent!

She and her peace, she must I undermine!  
Thou Hell, had'st need this sacrifice be thine?  
Help, devil, help, cut short my torture hour,  
Strike now th' inevitable blow,  
Let her fate fall on me with crushing pow'r,  
Let her with me to ruin go.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How it seethes again, how burns!  
Go in and comfort her, thou dunce!  
Aye when such pate no outlet quick discerns  
He believes the end has come at once.  
Let him who stoutly holdeth live!  
Else art thou tolerably devilized.  
I find earth cannot aught more tasteless give  
Than devil by despairing victimized.

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MARGARET'S ROOM.

---

MARGARET, alone at the spinning wheel.

MARGARET.

All my peace is gone;  
My heart is sore;  
I shall find it never,  
And never more.

Where he's not with me  
A grave I see.  
The wide world all  
Is turned to gall.

My wretched head  
Is all distraught;  
My wretched mind  
Is over-wrought.

All my peace is gone;  
My heart is sore;  
I shall find it never  
And never more.



But for him I watch  
From the window there;  
But for him from home  
I repair.

His noble form,  
His bearing high,  
His lips loving smile  
The pow'r of his eye,

And then his speech's  
Magic bliss,  
His hand's fond clasp,  
And ah! his kiss!

All my peace is gone;  
My heart is sore;  
I shall find it never,  
And never more.

My bosom yearns  
To be with him.  
Ah, could I clasp him  
And embrace him!

And then kiss him  
As I would!  
Upon his kisses  
Die I could!

---

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

---

MARGARET. — FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise me Henry!

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

How is it then with thy religion? Say!

Thou art in truth a dear good man,

But still I think thy thoughts run not that way.

FAUST.

Leave that, my child! Thou feel'st my love's thine  
own;

For those I love I'd life and blood lay down;

Would no one of his feelings and his church bereave.

MARGARET.

That is not right, one's bound to believe!

FAUST.

Must one?

MARGARET.

Ah, could my words have some effect!  
The holy sacraments dost not respect.

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

Without desiring, though.  
'Tis long since thou to mass, or to be shrived didst go.  
Dost believe in God?

FAUST.

My love, assert who dare  
I believe in God?  
Canst ask or priest or sage, and their  
Response will seem but mockery  
Of the questioner to be.

MARGARET.

Dost not then believe?

FAUST.

Sweet love, do not my meaning misconceive!  
Who dares Him name,  
And who proclaim  
I believe in Him?  
Feel who dare  
And boldly declare  
And say, I do not believe?  
The All-embracer,  
The All-sustainer  
Does not embrace, sustain  
Thee, me, Himself?  
Does not the Heaven vault itself up there?

Lies not the earth fast here below?  
And do not, kindly twinkling,  
Rise on high eternal stars?  
Gaze we not in eachother's eyes?  
And does not all  
Throng to thy head and heart  
And weave in endless mystery  
Around thee, seen and yet unseen?  
Great as it is fill up with it thy heart,  
And then, when in the feeling wholly blessed thou art,  
Happiness, heart, love, God!  
I have no name for it!  
Feeling is all in all;  
Nature is but smoke and noise  
O'erclouding Heaven's light.

MARGARET.

All that is very fine and right;  
The priest himself but other words employs  
Almost the selfsame to impart.

FAUST.

In ev'ry place, each heart  
Under the blessed light of day  
The same in its own speech doth say;  
Why should not then I in mine?

MARGARET.

Heard thus one better may incline  
To let it pass, yet something's wrong;  
Dost not to the church belong.

FAUST.

Dear child!

MARGARET.

Long hath it grievèd me  
Thee in such company to see.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man with whom thou art aye mated  
By me from deepest, inmost soul is hated;  
Ne'er in all my life I've felt  
So sharp a pang as to me has been dealt  
By that being's hateful features.

FAUST.

Fear him not, dearest of creatures!

MARGARET.

When he is by my very blood runs chill.  
This case excepted, I wish no one ill;  
But much as thy loved face I love to scan  
I have a secret horror of that man;  
I believe him too a rogue to be!  
If I do wrong him aught, God pardon me!

FAUST.

Such oddities there still must be.

MARGARET.

I would not live with such as he!  
Aye when he to the door comes near  
So mockingly he in doth peer  
And half in rage;  
One sees nought can his sympathies engage;  
Upon his brow is written clear  
No soul to him can e'er be dear.

Within thine arms I'm so content,  
Free, in such warm abandonment,  
And then his presence seals at once my inmost heart!

FAUST.

Foreboding angel that thou art!

MARGARET.

It overcometh me so sore  
That join us when or where he may  
I even think I love thee then no more.  
Alas! when he is by I ne'er could pray;  
'Tis this so wrings and troubles me,  
Henry, 't should be the same with thee.

FAUST.

Thou hast but an antipathy!

MARGARET.

Now I must go.

FAUST.

Ah, ne'er can I  
One short sweet hour upon thy bosom rest,  
With heart to heart, with soul to soul close press'd?

MARGARET.

Ah, if alone I did but sleep  
This very night I'd leave the bolt unshot;  
But mother's slumber is not deep,  
And I should die upon the spot  
If she should chance to catch you here!

FAUST.

Of that, thou angel, there's no fear.  
Here is a phial! drops but three in number



Poured in her drink will make  
Nature to sink to deep and gentle slumber.

MARGARET.

What would I not do for thy sake?  
But then I hope it will not harm her!

FAUST

Would I else bid thee do 't, thou charmer?

MARGARET.

If I but look at thee, loved one,  
What drives me on I know not to thy will;  
So much already I for thee have done  
There's hardly anything remaining still.

(exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (appears).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The jackanapes is gone?

FAUST.

Again thou hast been spying?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most perfectly I've understood,  
Your catechism, doctor, she's been trying;  
I hope indeed 't will do you good.  
The girls are deeply interested in prying  
If one, in ancient mode, be pious, plain.  
They think, "if he bends there, he'll also mind our  
rein."

FAUST.

Thou monster, is it then unknown  
To thee, how this true loving heart  
Filled with its living faith,

Which but alone  
Can make her blessed, should writhe with holy smart  
While deeming her beloved doomed to eternal death?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou supersensual, sensual lover how  
A girl by the nose is leading thee!

FAUST.

Of filth and fire abortion thou!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And master she in truth is in physiognomy;  
She knows herself not how she in my presence feels.  
My little mask some hidden sense reveals;  
She's sure that I a genius am in truth,  
Perhaps the dev'l himself, in sooth.  
So then to-night —?

FAUST.

What's that to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have my pleasure in it too!

---

## AT THE WELL.

---

MARGARET and BESSY (with pitchers).

BESSY.

Hast thou of Barbara heard nought?

MARGARET.

No word. Rarely from house I take my way.

BESSY.

Sibylla told it me to-day!

She too at last, the fool, is caught.

That comes of finery!

MARGARET.

How so?

BESSY.

It stinks!

She now feeds two whene'er she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Ah!

BESSY.

She's rightly served at last, I say.

She's hung upon that chap, how many a day!

That was a gallavanti,  
To dance and village flaunting,  
Must ev'rywhere be number one,  
And he for ever courting her with wine or bun;  
To think of her beauty she'd never done,  
Yet so little to her honour kept  
As of his presents to accept.  
Then came a hugging and a kissing;  
And lo, the flower now is missing!

MARGARET.

Unhappy thing!

BESSY.

Thou pitiest then the huzzy!  
When at our spinning we were busy  
Our mother aye at night kept us above;  
But she stood sweet there with her love;  
At the door bench, in the dusky walk,  
No hour was too long for their sweet talk.  
Her head so high no more she'll lift  
But penance do in sinner's shift!

MARGARET.

But sure he'll take her for his wife!

BESSY.

He'd be a fool! An active youth  
Has all the world before him, sooth.  
Besides he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not right.

BESSY.

And if she gets him bad's her plight.

The boys will tear the wreath from her head,  
And flax-ends before her door we'll spread!

(exit.)

MARGARET (on her way home).

How readily I else reviled  
If a poor maiden was beguiled!  
O'er other's sins I ne'er could find  
Enough of words to speak my mind;  
Black as it seemed I blacked it still,  
Yet ne'er 't was black as I could will,  
And blessed myself, and walked so high,  
Now prey to sin myself am I!  
Yet — all that urged my wand'ring there,  
God! was so good! ah, was so fair!

---

Z W I N G E R.

---

In a nich in the wall is an image of the *Mater dolorosa* before  
which are flower pots.

MARGARET (putting in fresh flowers).

Ah bend thee,  
While sharp pangs rend thee,  
In mercy to my agony!

With sword in heart,  
With burning smart  
To thy son's death dost look on high.

Unto God wending  
And deep sigh sending  
Up for your mutual agony.

Who knows  
How throes  
My torment to the bone?  
How my wretched heart is breaking,



How is trembling, how entreating,  
Know'st but thou, but thou alone!

Where'er, where'er I go  
What woe, what woe, what woe  
Is in my bosom here!  
Scarcely, alas, alone,  
I weep, weep, weep and moan.  
My heart is breaking sheer.

The flow'r pots in my window  
I washed with my tears, woe's me!  
As I at early morning  
These flowers pulled for thee.

Bright in my chamber shining  
The early sunshine crept,  
I in my bed, deep pining,  
Already sat and wept.

Save me from shame and death, I cry!  
Ah bend thee,  
While sharp pangs rend thee,  
In mercy to my agony!

---

## N I G H T.

---

Street before Margaret's door.

VALENTINE (a soldier, Margaret's brother).

When in a drinking company  
Where many like to boast, to me  
The flow'r of maidens oft they praised,  
With clam'rous voices loudly raised,  
With bumpers full their praise outpoured,  
I, elbow leant upon the board,  
Sat confident and listening  
To all their noisy swaggering,  
And smiling with my beard would play;  
The full glass taking in my hand  
I said, all's well in its' own way!  
But is there one in the broad land  
Who's equal to my Marg'ret dear,  
Who to my sister can come near?  
Hob! Nob! Kling! Ring! It went around!  
Some shouted, yes, in truth he's right  
She is the sexe's jewel bright!

The praisers uttered not a sound.  
And now — 't would make one tear ones hair,  
Run up the walls in sheer despair! —  
With taunt and sneer at my disgrace  
Each knave will twit me to my face!  
Shall like a bankrupt debtor sit  
And at each chance expression sweat!  
Though I could smash them one and all,  
Not one a liar could I call.

But who comes here? Who slinks along?  
Are two of them if I'm not wrong.  
Is't he at once I'll on him bound;  
Alive he ne'er shall quit the ground!

FAUST. — MERHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from the window of the sacristy  
The light of the eternal lamp upshimmers  
And weak and weaker sideways glimmers!  
And darkness looms around us heavily!  
So all seems night-like in my breast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I feel like the longing cat oppressed  
Along the dim fire ladders sneaking,  
And then around the walls soft creeping;  
I feel indeed quite virtuously,  
A spice of lust, a spice of pleasant thievery.  
So now e'en through each limb doth thrill  
The glorious Walpurgis night.

Return after to-morrow 't will,  
Why one then wakes one knows aright.

FAUST.

Meanwhile can that the treasure rising be,  
That which I yonder glimm'ring see?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The joy thou 'lt soon experience  
To lift the casket out from thence.  
I lately threw a squint therein;  
Prime lion-dollars are within.

FAUST.

No single trinket? Not a ring  
With which to deck my darling girl?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw indeed some kind of thing  
Like to a carcanet of pearl.

FAUST.

'Tis well! It aye my heart doth wring  
To her to go and no gift bring.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Exactly you should not regret  
Some pleasure gratis too to get.  
Now that the heav'n glows with its starry throng,  
A piece of true art you shall hear:  
I'll sing to her a moral song,  
The surer still to fool the dear.

(sings to the guitar.)

Young Catherine, say,  
Why dost thou stay  
In morning grey

Before thy lover's door?  
Nay, let that be!  
A maiden he  
Will let in thee,  
A maiden out no more.

Take heed, take heed!  
For done the deed  
Good night indeed  
Thou wretched, wretched thing!  
Dost thyself love  
For none who rove  
Do aught for love  
Without the wedding ring.

VALENTINE.

Whom art thou luring here? By Heav'n!  
Accursed and damned ratcatchers you!  
First the guitar to Hell be giv'n!  
To Hell then with the singer too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor guitar is smashed; all's up with the poor  
thing!

VALENTINE.

Now on your skulls the blows shall ring!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to Faust).

No shrinking, doctor! Now, look brisk!  
Stick close and follow me, nor tarry.  
Now out, and quickly, with your whisk,  
Do you but thrust! Leave me to parry.

VALENTINE.

Then parry!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not — should I shrink?

VALENTINE.

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course!

VALENTINE.

The devil fights, I think!

Nay, what is that? My hand's already lame.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to Faust).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE (falls).

O Heav'n!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the booby tame!

But now away! Off we at once must run.

Murder already they begin to squeal.

With the police I well know how to deal,

But with the bloodban not so soon I've done.

MARTHA (at the window).

Come out! Come out!

MARGARET (at the window).

Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA (as above).

They rail and brawl and scream and fight.

PEOPLE.

Here's one already dead!



MARTHA (coming out).

Nay tell me, are the murd'ers flown?

MARGARET (coming out).

Who's lying here?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Almighty God! What dead!

VALENTINE.

I die! 'Tis quickly said, and yet

'Tis done with less delay.

Why do ye women howl and fret?

Come, list to what I say!

(they all surround him.)

My Gretchen, see! thou art young still,

Nor hast, till now, enough of skill,

Dost not act properly.

I tell thee privately, no more,

Since once for all thou art a whore

Then be one thoroughly.

MARGARET.

My brother! God! What meanest thou?

VALENTINE.

Leave God out of the matter now.

What's done is done, the more's the woe

As things must go, so will they go.

Dost privately begin with one,

Behind him others soon will run.

Let but a dozen first enjoy thee

And all the town will soon employ thee.

When first shame's born, mid guilty fears  
Clandestinely she's brought to light,  
And then one draws the veil of night  
Over her head and ears;  
Nay, one would kill her readily.  
But when she waxes great and grows  
In daylight naked then she goes  
Tho' not one wit the fairer she.  
The greater grows her ugliness  
The more she to the light doth press.

In truth I see the moment when  
Each brave and honest citizen  
As from the pestilential dead  
Will turn from thee, thou whore, his head.  
Thy heart within thy breast will die  
Whene'er a look shall meet thine eye.  
No more thou'lt wear a chain of gold!  
Nor at the altar stand as once of old!  
Nor in a collar wrought with lace  
At the dance proudly take thy place!  
But in some corner's wretched gloom  
Mid cripples, beggars, find thy home,  
And e'en should God thy sin forgive  
Be cursed on earth while thou may'st live!

MARTHA.

Your soul unto God's mercy recommend!  
Would yet heap more sins on you at your end?

VALENTINE.

Could I but reach thy carcass dry,

Thou shameless bawd, thou strumpet, I  
To find full pardon should not fear  
For all my sins committed here.

MARGARET.

My brother! Oh! what pains of hell!

VALENTINE.

Have done with tears I to thee tell!  
That thou from honour's way didst fall  
Was the severest pang of all.  
Death's sleep I valiently go through  
To God, a soldier brave and true.

(dies.)

---

CATHEDRAL.  
SERVICE, ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

---

MARGARET amongst a number of people. EVIL SPIRIT  
behind her.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How diff'rent was it, Gretchen,  
When thou, still innocent,  
Unto the altar came;  
Out of the little book  
Prayers used to lisp,  
Half child's sport, half  
God in thine heart!  
Gretchen!  
Where is thy head?  
And in thine heart  
What foul misdeed?  
Art praying for thy mother's soul which slept  
Over into a long long woe through thee?  
Whose blood upon thy threshold lies?  
E'en now beneath thy bosom

Stirs it not quickening,  
Awing thee and itself  
With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! Woe!  
Were I from the thoughts but free  
Which rush across and cross again my mind  
Spite of me!

CHORUS.

*Dies irae, dies illa*  
*Solvat saeculum in favilla.*

(organ.)

EVIL SPIRIT

Awe grasps thee!  
Now the trumpet sounds!  
The deep graves quake!  
And thy heart  
From ashy rest  
To fiery torment  
Brought to life again  
Quakes up!

MARGARET.

Were I away!  
It seems to me as if the organ  
Was stifling my breathing,  
The hymn my heart's  
Depths was dissolving.

CHORUS.

*Judex ergo cum sedebit,*

*Quidquid latet aparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.*

MARGARET.

It is so close!  
The masoned pillars  
Close upon me!  
Th' arched vaultings  
Crush me! — Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Conceal thee! Sin and shame  
Remain not hidden.  
Light? Air?  
Woe's thee!

CHORUS.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus?  
Cum vix justus sit securus.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified  
Avert their face from thee.  
Shudder the pious ones  
Thy hand to touch.  
Woe!

CHORUS.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

MARGARET.

Neighbour! Your smelling bottle!

(Faints.)



## WALPURGIS NIGHT.

---

The Harz mountains.  
Country of Schirke and Elend.  
FAUST. — MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou no longing for a broomstick? Say!  
I'd gladly take he-goat most rough.  
We from our goal are far still by this way.

FAUST.

Long as I feel my legs thus fresh beneath me play  
I find this knotted stick enough.  
Nay, to what end this shortening? —  
To thread the lab'rynths of the winding vale,  
And then the hanging rocks to scale  
From which, for ever gushing, pours the spring,  
That is the joy the like paths seasoning!  
Spring weaves already in the birch anew,  
And e'en the fir begins to feel her sway;  
Should she not also act on our limbs too?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I feel nought of it, truth to say!  
'Tis winterly within my breast;  
I'd wish my road be spread with frost and snow.  
How sadly rises the imperfect crest  
Of the red moon with her belated glow,  
Lighting so ill that each step of the way  
One runs against a rock, against a tree!  
Let me a Will o' th' Wisp call, pray!  
I see one yonder burning merrily.  
Hallo! my friend, dare I to call on thee?  
Why flam'st thou on thus uselessly?  
To light us up the heights there be so kind!

WILL O' THE WISP.

I hope thro' rev'rance to succeed, 'tis true,  
My fickle nature to subdue;  
But zigzag is our gen'ral course, you'll find.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha! Ha! You think mankind to imitate.  
But, in the devil's name, go straight,  
Or else your flick'ring life out I will blow.

WILL O' THE WISP.

That you are master here I mark and know,  
And I'll your bidding do with pleasure.  
But pray observe! The mountain's magic-mad to-night,  
And if Will o' the Wisp must to your path give light  
You must not ask too close a measure.

THE THREE in alternate song.

Into sphere of dream and spell  
Seems it we are enterèd.

For thine honour lead us well  
That our onward path be sped  
Into regions waste and wide.

Trees after trees, see how they glide  
Swift across our pathway now,  
And the tall cliffs, see, they bow,  
And long snouted rocks, hark, how  
Loud they snort and how they blow!

Through the stones and meads below  
Stream and streamlet swift are winging.  
Hear I rushing? Hear I singing?  
Hear I love's soft, gentle wail,  
Of those blessed days the hail?  
What we hope and what we love!  
And the echo like the tale  
Of old times again is ringing.

Toowhit! Towhoo! nearer sounding  
Owl, jay, peewit's scream resounding;  
Have they all remained awake?  
Are they toads there on the branches,  
With their long legs and thick paunches?  
And the crooked root like snake  
Writhes itself from rock and sand,  
Twisting into wond'rous band  
Us to frighten, us to take;  
Out from coarse and living patch  
Threads of polypus they stretch

Towards the wand'rer. Mice too, they,  
Thousand dyed, in legions play  
Through the moss and heathy grass,  
And the glow worms take their flight  
In close pressèd swarms of light,  
Escort puzzling as we pass.

Are we standing still then, say?  
Are we taking still our way?  
All, all whirling seems to play,  
Rocks and trees, all making faces,  
Will o' th' Wisps too from all places  
Puff and multiply their ray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hold on by my skirt, nor fear!  
Sort of central summit's here  
Whence one Mammon sees with wonder  
Glowing on the mountain yonder.

FAUST.

How strangely through the gorges glimmers  
A red and gloomy morning ray!  
E'en through the deepest refts it shimmers,  
Down to the dark gulf's depths doth play.  
Here curls a damp, there vapours rise,  
Here glow through mist and fog now flashes,  
Then like a fine thread on it hies,  
Then like a fountain forth it dashes.  
Here for a whole track doth it wind  
With hundred veins throughout the valley,

And in the angle here confined  
Suddenly scattered forth doth sally.  
Here near to us sparks on the air  
Spouting, like golden sand do fall,  
But see, in all its height how there  
Is wrapped in fire the rocky wall.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Does not Lord Mammon splendidly  
Light up the palace for the feast?  
To see it thus good luck thou hast;  
Of the wild guests e'en now I traces see.

FAUST.

How roars the storm-blast through the air!  
With what hard thumps it on my neck doth ring!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou to the rocks' old ribs must closely cling;  
Else will it hurl thee down the black depth there.  
A mist now renders night more dark.  
How through the woods it crashes, hark!  
Scared away the mute owls flit.  
Hark how the pillars split  
Of temples evergreen!  
Writhing branches creak and lean.  
Of the trunks the mightily groaning!  
Of the roots the creaking, yearning!  
In fearfully confused fall  
Down o'er each other crashing all.  
And through the wreck-strewn cliffs the wind  
Hisses and howls with fury blind.  
Voices in the air dost hear?

Are they far off, are they near?  
Aye, the mountain all along  
Streams a raving, magic song.

WITCHES (in chorus).

The witches to the Brocken speed,  
Yellow's the stubble, green the young seed.  
There doth the great assembly meet,  
Above them is Lord Urian's seat.  
So goes it over stone and ditch,  
— the goat and — the witch.

VOICES.

Alone old Baubo's coming now,  
She's riding on a farrow sow.

CHORUS.

Where honour's due there honour pay!  
Dame Baubo, on and lead the way!  
A proper sow and mother on her,  
The whole witch-herd rides close upon her.

VOICE.

Which way dost come here?

VOICE.

I the Ilsenstein took!

There into the owl's nest I cast a look.

She gave such a stare!

VOICE.

On to Hell itself hie!

How quickly dost fly!

VOICE.

In passing she's grazed me;  
Just see how she's razed me!



WITCHES' CHORUS.

The way is broad, the way is long,  
What is this for a frantic throng?  
The besom tears, the pitchfork pokes,  
The mother bursts, the infant chokes.

WIZARDS (half chorus).

Like snail with house on back we creep,  
The women all before us keep.  
For going towards the evil door  
Woman's a thousand steps before.

THE OTHER HALF.

So closely we will not pursue it;  
In thousand steps the woman 'll do it.  
Yet let her hurry all she can  
'Tis done in one bound by the man.

VOICE above.

Come join, come join from the rocky sea!

VOICES below.

We'd like to mount along with thee!  
We wash us, and clean are we through and through;  
But still ever unfruitful too.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind grows dumb, the stars take flight,  
The sad moon gladly hides her light.  
In whirling bursts the magic quire  
Out into thousand sparks of fire.

VOICE from below.

Halt there! Halt!

VOICE from above.

Who calls there from the rock-rent vault?

VOICE below.

Take me with! Take me with!  
Three hundred years I've mounted now,  
And yet the summit can't attain.  
Be with my fellows I would fain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

Stick and besom through the air  
Goat and pitchfork too can bear;  
Who cannot raise himself to-day  
For ever is a cast away.

HALF WITCH (below).

I'm hobbling after ye so long;  
How far already is the throng!  
At home no peace I can attain,  
And here too seek it all in vain.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Unto the witch the salve gives nerve,  
Well for a sail a rag doth serve,  
Each trough is too a vessel tight,  
He'll never fly who can't this night.

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when the peak we float around,  
Then let us sweep down to the ground,  
And deck the heath both far and wide  
With this your witch-hood's swarming tide.

(They descend.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It crowds and pushes, rushes, chatters!  
It whirls and whizzes, pulls and chatters!  
It gleams, glows, stinks, burns, all is blent!

A genuine witch element  
But stick to me! Away will else be rent.  
Where art thou?

FAUST (at a distance).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, swept so far already?  
As master I must keep them steady.  
Room! Room! Squire Voland comes. Make way, sweet  
folk, around!  
Here doctor, hold by me, and now in one long bound  
We from the crowd ourselves will free;  
Too mad it is, e'en for the like of me.  
Hard by there something shines with quite peculiar  
glare;  
Something attracts me to yon tree.  
Come, come, we'll steal our way down there.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction! On, for thou may'st lead.  
I think though that it was a thought most bright  
To wander to the Brocken on Walpurgis night  
And then ourselves to isolate when there indeed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now see those flames how variegated!  
A little club and animated.  
There's comfort in small company.

FAUST.

Above there though I'd rather be!  
Glow, whirling smoke e'en now I view.

Yond stream they to the Evil one;  
There 'll many a riddle be undone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet many a riddle's tied there too.  
Let but the great world bluster there,  
We'll house ourselves in quiet here.  
It is a saying known to all  
That one in the great world makes other worlds and  
small.

I see there many witches young and bare,  
Old too who clothes for prudence take.  
Now be obliging, if but for my sake;  
The trouble's small, the joke is rare.  
Something of tuning instruments I hear!  
Accursèd twang! one must innure one's ear!  
Come on! Come on! It cannot other be,  
I'll on before and then I'll bring in thee.  
'Twill be an obligation new.  
What say'st thou friend? This is no trifling space,  
But onwards look! Thou scarce an end canst trace.  
A hundred fires are burning in a row;  
They dance, they talk, they cook, they love, they drink.  
Now say, where's aught found better, dost thou think?

FAUST.

To introduce us here now wilt thou play  
The wizard or the devil, say?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth I much am used incognito to go;  
But yet on gala days one's orders one does show.

True in no garter I appear,  
Yet is the cloven foot held in high honour here.  
Seest thou that snail down there come trailing on her  
rout?

In me she with her groping face  
Something already has smelt out.  
I could not, an I would, deny me in this place  
Come on! From fire to fire we'll wander now,  
I am the pander, the gay gallant thou.

(To some who sit round the glowing coals.)

Old gentlemen, what do ye at the end?  
To find ye nicely in the midst would be to recommend,  
Girt round with riot and youth's wild foam.  
Surely each one's enough alone at home.

GENERAL.

Who can in nations put his trust!  
No matter what we've for them done.  
With nations as with women just  
By youth the prize is always won.

MINISTER.

Now from the right path one is all astray.  
The good old ways are those I praise,  
When we were all in all, I say  
Then were the actual golden days.

PARVENU.

We also were not dull, I vow,  
And often did what we ought not;  
But all is topsy turvy now  
Just as we'd hold what we have got.

AUTHOR.

Who now, I speak in gen'ral, cares to read  
A book of even mod'rate sense?  
And what concerns the young folk, why indeed  
They never yet had such impertinence.

MEPHISTOPHELES (suddenly grows very old).

For doomsday do I feel the people ripe,  
Now that the last time I the witch's mound ascend;  
And running thick my proper pipe  
The world too nears its turbid end.

A WITCH (selling frippery).

Nay, pass not by, sirs, without heed!  
Nay, do not let the chance slip by!  
Look at my wares attentively;  
Here's many a curious thing indeed.  
And yet within my shop is nought  
Which on the earth you cannot find,  
Which has not at some period wrought  
Harm to the world and to mankind.  
No dagger's here from which no blood has flowed,  
No cup from which has not been poured in healthful  
frame  
Poison to burn and to corrode;  
No gem which has no amiable, fair dame  
Seduced, no sword which has not some tie broke,  
Nay, e'en perchance behind foe's back has giv'n the  
stroke.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My cousin! Ill the times you comprehend.  
Bah! done and happened! Happened, done!



To novelties you should attend!  
By noveties alone we're won.

FAUST.

If I but keep my senses now!  
This is a fair indeed, I vow!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The whole throng struggling streams above;  
Art shoved thyself while thinking thou dost shove.

FAUST.

Who then is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Her features closely mark!

Lilith is she.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife. Hark!

I counsel thee of her fair hair beware,  
This ornament which she alone can show.  
When once with it a youth she doth ensnare  
So soon again she doth not let him go.

FAUST.

There sit two there, the old one with the young;  
They have already bravely sprung!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-night it knows not stop nor stay.  
A new round doth begin; come on, choose and away!

FAUST (dancing with the young one).

A lovely dream once smiled on me;  
In it I saw an apple tree,

Two lovely apples on it shone  
They tempted me, I climbed thereon.

THE FAIR ONE.

Strongly can apples you entice,  
'T has been so e'en from Paradise.  
I feel myself with pleasure glow  
That such my garden too doth grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES (with the old one).

A tangled dream once smiled on me;  
In it I saw a rifted tree,  
It had a — — —;  
Though — it was it pleased me yet.

THE OLD ONE.

Most heartily I here salute  
The brave knight of the cloven foot!  
Let him keep a — in trim  
If — — does not frighten him.

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

How dare you be so bold, accursed crew?  
Have ye not long had proof complete  
No spirit stands on ordinary feet?  
And now ye dance just as we mortals do

THE FAIR ONE (dancing).

Then at our ball what does he there?

FAUST (dancing).

Bah! you will find him ev'rywhere.  
What's danced that must he estimate.  
If of each step he cannot prate  
The step's as good as never made at all.

When we go forwards he's most vex'd of all.  
If you but turn round in a circle would,  
Like he in his old mill, he'd term it good,  
I dare to say; the readier too  
If he for his counsel were begged by you.

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

Ye still are there! No, 'tis unheard of quite.  
Vanish, away! Ye know we've giv'n ye light!  
No rules are by that devils'-crew there wanted.  
We are so wise, and yet is Tegel haunted.  
How long at this delusion I with all my might  
Have swept! and ne'er 'tis clean; unheard of quite!

THE FAIR ONE.

At least spoil not the ball for those who prize it!

PROCKTOPHANTASMIST.

I tell ye, spirits, plainly now  
This despotism I'll not allow;  
My spirit cannot exercise it.

(dancing continues.)

To-day I see I'll find in nought success;  
Yet for a journey I am ever bent,  
And hope before my last step ne'ertheless  
Both dev'l and and poets too to circumvent.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A seat now in a puddle quick he'll choose,  
That is the way he doth himself console;  
And when upon his rump leeches themselves amuse  
Of spirits and of spirit he's made whole.

(To Faust who has left the dance.)

Why didst thou leave that fair girl in the lurch,  
Who in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah! midway in her song there sprang  
A red mouse from her mouth so fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be not too nice! 'Tis nought out of the way!  
Suffice it that it was not grey.  
In hours of ease who for such things doth care?

FAUST.

Then saw I —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou not  
A pale and lovely child, alone and far off there?  
She drags herself but slowly from the spot;  
'Tis as if chains she on her feet did wear.  
I must confess she seems to me  
Like to poor Margaret to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Leave it alone! It bodeth good to none.  
A magic picture 'tis, an idol, a dead one.  
To meet with it betokens ill:  
Man's blood doth curdle at that look so chill,  
And he is wellnigh, turned to stone.  
Doubtless Medusa's not to thee unknown?

FAUST.

They are a corpse's eyes, in verity,  
Which after death by no fond hand were pressed.  
That is the bosom Marg'ret yielded me,  
That is the lovely form which I caressed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou easily led fool, that is the sorcery!  
Each one in her doth his beloved one see.

FAUST.

Ah, what a rapture! Ah, what pain!  
To try to fly that gaze is vain.  
How strangely too that fair and lovely throat  
By single red line is arrayed  
No broader than the back of blade!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right! I also do it note.  
Under her arm too she her head can bear;  
For Perseus cut it off for her. —  
This fondness for delusion still!  
However, let us mount the hill,  
All's merry here as on the Prater;  
And if I'm not bewitched, why there  
In truth I there see a theatre.  
What's doing here?

SERVIBILIS.

They'll quick commence again.  
'Tis a new piece, the last one too of seven;  
To play that number here is aye the way.

By dilettante's pen 'tis given,  
And dilettanti too will play.  
Excuse my leaving, sirs; to me's assigned  
As dilettante to draw up the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is as it should be, to find  
You on the Blocksberg; 'tis your place for certain.

---



A GLOOMY DAY.

A PLAIN.

---

FAUST. — MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! Despairing! Long wretchedly wandering upon the earth, and now taken! Gentle, unhappy creature, prisoned in a dungeon as a malefactor, and reserved for horrible suffering! So far! far! Treacherous, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me! — Stand! but stand! Roll thy devlish eyes furiously in thy head! Stand and brave me with thy unbearable presence! Imprisoned! In irremediable misery! Abandoned to evil spirits and to sentence-passing, unfeeling mankind! And me meanwhile dost thou cradle in tasteless dissipations, hiding from me her growing wretchedness and leaving her helplessly to perish!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first!

FAUST.

Dog! horrible monster! Turn him, thou infinite spirit, turn the worm again into his dog-shape in which he was often pleased to trot before me at night, rolling at the feet of the harmless wanderer and springing upon the shoulders of the falling one! Turn him again into his favourite shape that he may crouch on his belly before me in the sand whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate! — Not the first! — Woe! Woe! It is not to be conceived by any human soul that more than one creature can have sunk into such a depth of misery — that the first in its writhing death-agony was not sufficient to atone for the guilt of the rest in the sight of the Everpardoning! The misery of this one harrows up my marrow and my life —; thou grindest calmly at the fate of thousands.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now are we again at our wit's end, just there where the sense of you mortals snaps. Why dost thou make fellowship with us if thou canst not carry it through? Wilt fly and art not secure against giddiness? Did we force ourselves upon thee or thou upon us?

FAUST.

Gnash not thy greedy teeth at me thus. I loathe thee! Great, glorious spirit, thou who didst deign to appear to me, thou knowest my heart and soul, why force me to this shame-fellow who pastures on mischief and battens on destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou done?

FAUST.

Save her, or woe to thee! The most terrible of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the bands of the avenger, cannot undo her bolts. — Save her! — Who plunged her into ruin? I or thou?

(Faust looks wildly round.)

Dost grasp at the thunder? Happy that it was not given to ye wretched mortals! To dash to pieces the innocent one who crosses you is just the way a tyrant vents himself in perplexities.

FAUST.

Bring me there! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger which thou runnest? Know that blood guiltiness from thy hand still lies upon the town. Avenging spirits hover over the place of the slain waiting for the return of the murderer.

FAUST.

That too from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Lead me there, I say, and free her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will lead thee, and what I can do, hear? Do I possess all power in Heaven and upon earth? I will

cloud the gaoler's senses; possess thyself of the keys  
and lead her out with human hand! I will watch!  
The magic horses will be ready; I will bear you off.  
Thus much I can do.

FAUST.

Up and away!

OPEN PLAIN. NIGHT.

---

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES (on black horses.)

FAUST.

What work they about the Ravenstone there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Know not what they are cooking and working.

FAUST.

Waving up, waving down, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis a witch's guild.

FAUST.

They're sprinkling and charming.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Away! Away!

---

P R I S O N.

---

FAUST with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small door.

A long unwonted shudder o'er me falls —  
The centred woe of all humanity.  
Here now she lives behind these noisome walls,  
Her only crime a kind insanity.  
Thou wav'rest before her door!  
Thou shudd'rest to see her once more!  
On! thy delaying death but hither calls.

(taking hold of the lock. Singing within.)

Ah, my mother the whore  
Who me wickedly slew!  
My father the rogue  
Who did eat me up!  
My sweet sister small  
Did the bones all  
In a cool spot lay;  
Then I grew a bird and flew away;  
Fly away! Fly away!



FAUST (unlocking).

She doth not dream that her beloved is near,  
The clanking chains, the rustling straw to hear!

(enters.)

MARGARET (hiding herself in her pallet).

Woe! Woe! They come! O bitter death!

FAUST (coftly).

Hush! Hush! I come to set thee free.

MARGARET (at his feet).

Art thou a man, feel for my misery!

FAUST.

Thou'lt wake the keepers, hush, subdue thy breath!

(about to unlock the chains.)

MARGARET (kneeling).

Who, headsman say, to thee the pow'r  
Over me did give!

Dost fetch me e'en at midnight hour?

Be merciful and let me live!

Can early morn not serve thy will?

(rising.)

I'm still so young, so young am still!

And yet must die!

Fair was I too; that caused my misery.

My love was near, now is he far;

My garland is torn, scattered the blossoms are.

Seize not on me so violently!

Ah, spare me! What have I done to thee?

In vain, ah let me not implore!

Thou knowest I have ne'er seen thee before!

FAUST.

Can I endure this mis'ry more!

MARGARET.

I'm now completely in thy might.  
Let me but suckle my child first, pray!  
This whole night to my breast I held it;  
To grieve me they took it away!  
And now they go and say that I have killed it.  
Gladness again I ne'er shall know.  
They sing rhymes upon me! It is bad of the throng!  
An ancient legend endeth so;  
Who leads this song?

FAUST (kneeling).

A lover at thy feet doth lie  
To loose the bonds of misery.

MARGARET (kneeling).

Oh, let us kneel the holy saints t'implore!  
See there under the door,  
Under these stairs  
Hell seethes and flares!  
Hell's king  
With frightful noise  
Is thundering.

FAUST (aloud).

Marg'ret! Marg'ret!

MARGARET (attentive).

That was my lover's voice!

(springs up and the chains fall off.)

Where is he? I have heard him call.  
I'm free, and none shall me enthrall.  
To his neck I will fly,  
On his bosom I'll lie!  
He called me Gretchen! He stood on the sill,  
While through the howling and clatt'ring of hell,  
Through the grim and dev'lish mocking cries  
I again the sweet fond tone did recognize.

FAUST.

'Tis I.

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! Oh say those words again!

(seizing him.)

'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where now is all my pain?  
Where now the chain and dungeon's fear?  
'Tis thou! To save art here!  
And I am saved! —  
Already there again 's the street  
In which I did thee for the first time meet;  
The gay garden I see  
Where I and Martha watched for thee!

FAUST.

Oh come! Oh come!

MARGARET.

Oh stay!

I stay so gladly where thou stay'st!

(coaxing.)

FAUST.

Away!

Dost thou not haste

We must do penance deep and sore!

MARGARET.

How? Thou canst kiss me no more?

So lately left me, love, and yet

To kiss thou canst forget?

Why on thy neck do I such terror know,

When from thy looks and accents in those other

Bright days a perfect Heav'n would o'er me flow,

And thou didst kiss me as if thou would'st me smother?

Now kiss me!

Or I'll kiss thee!

(embraces him.)

Oh woe! Woe! For thy lips are cold,

Are mute.

Where is mine own

Love flown?

Who dared it dispute?

(turns from him.)

FAUST.

Come! Follow! Courage, love, let us go!

I'll press thee to my heart with fiercest glow;

But follow me! For this alone I plead!

MARGARET (turning towards him.)

And 'tis then thee? And 'tis then thee indeed!

FAUST.

'Tis I! Ah come!

MARGARET.

Thou dost unlock my chain,  
Thou tak'st me to thy breast again!  
How comes it thou art not afraid of me? —  
And dost thou know, my love, whom thou dost free?

FAUST.

Come! come! E'en now the night doth wane!

MARGARET.

Woe's me! My mother I have slain,  
Drowned my child too.  
Was it not giv'n unto us two?  
'Tis thou! It scarce the truth doth seem.  
Give me thy hand! It is no dream!  
Thy lovèd hand! — Alas 'tis wet, woe's me!  
Quick, wipe it off! There seems to be  
Blood there on!  
Ah God! what hast thou done!  
Put up thy sword, I pray;  
I beg it of thee!

FAUST.

Let what is done be past for aye;  
Thou killest me!

MARGARET.

No, thou must remain alive!  
I will to thee the graves describe;  
For them thou must sorrow

To-morrow,  
At once; the best place for my mother,  
Quite close to her then lay my brother,  
Me somewhat at the side,  
But not quite too wide!  
And on my right breast lay my little one! —  
No one else will by me sleep! —  
To thy side to nestle and creep,  
That was a sweet, gentle extacy!  
'Twill never more to me be given;  
It seems as to seek thee I were driven,  
As thou didst drive me away from thee;  
And yet 'tis thee, so good and kind thine eye.

FAUST.

Then come if thou dost feel 'tis I!

MARGARET.

Out there?

FAUST,

In open air.

MARGARET.

Is the grave there,  
Death lurking too, then come!  
Hence to eternal resting place,  
And no step further, know —  
Dost leave me now? Henry, could I too go!

FAUST.

Thou canst! An thou but will! Unlocked's the door.



MARGARET.

I dare not go; for me there's no hope more.  
What use to fly? They lie in wait for me!  
To be obliged to beg is so sad,  
And that too with a conscience bad!  
It is so sad to roam through stranger land;  
Do as I will I can't escape their hand!

FAUST.

I'll with thee remain.

MARGARET.

Be quick! Be quick!  
And save the poor babe.  
On! keep aye the path  
The brook along,  
Over the bridge  
To the wood beyond,  
To the plank to the left—  
In the pond.  
Seize on it quick!  
Rise up it will,  
'Tis struggling still!  
Ah save! Ah save!

FAUST.

But collect thyself!  
One single step and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Were we but past the hill! dost see  
My mother is sitting there on a stone!

Chill, chill my brain doth grow!  
My mother is sitting there on a stone,  
Her head rocks to and fro;  
She signs not, she nods not, her head hangs o'er,  
She has slept so long she'll wake no more.  
That we might enjoy she slept on;  
Happy those days gone by!

FAUST.

As no persuasion helps, nor prayer,  
To bear thee off by force I'll dare.

MARGARET.

Let me go! No compulsion I'll brook!  
Nay seize me not so murd'rously!  
Time was when I did all to pleasure thee.

FAUST.

Now day dawns! Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET.

Day! Yes, it grows day! the last, last day is dawning;  
'Tshould have been my wedding morning!  
Ne'er say that thou by Marg'ret wast already.  
My garland, woe!  
Now is ev'ry thing o'er!  
We shall meet again once more,  
But at the dance no.  
Now presses the crowd, no noise it makes.  
The street, the square  
Cannot hold them there.  
The bell now tolls, the staff too breaks.

How they bind me, how they haul!  
They drag me to the fatal chair.  
Quivers for the necks of all  
The edge which for mine is quiv'ring there.  
Dumb lies the world as the grave!

FAUST.

Oh, had I never seen the light!

MEPHISTOPHELES (appearing outside).

Up! else 'tis too late for your flight.  
Vain hesitation! Ling'ring and prating!  
My steeds are shudd'ring, waiting.  
Dawn breaks across the skies.

MARGARET.

What from the floor there doth arise?  
He! He! Make him avaunt!  
On holy place what doth he want?  
He wants me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

God's judgement! Unto thee myself I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to Faust).

Come! come! or else I'll leave both her and thee.

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! Rescue me,  
Ye angels! Ye celestial bands  
Range round and guard me with your hands.  
Henry, I shrink from thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is condemnèd.

VOICES from above.

She is savèd!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to Faust).

Here to me!

(disappears with Faust.)

VOICE from within, dying away.

Henry! Henry!

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# FAUST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

V. BERESFORD.

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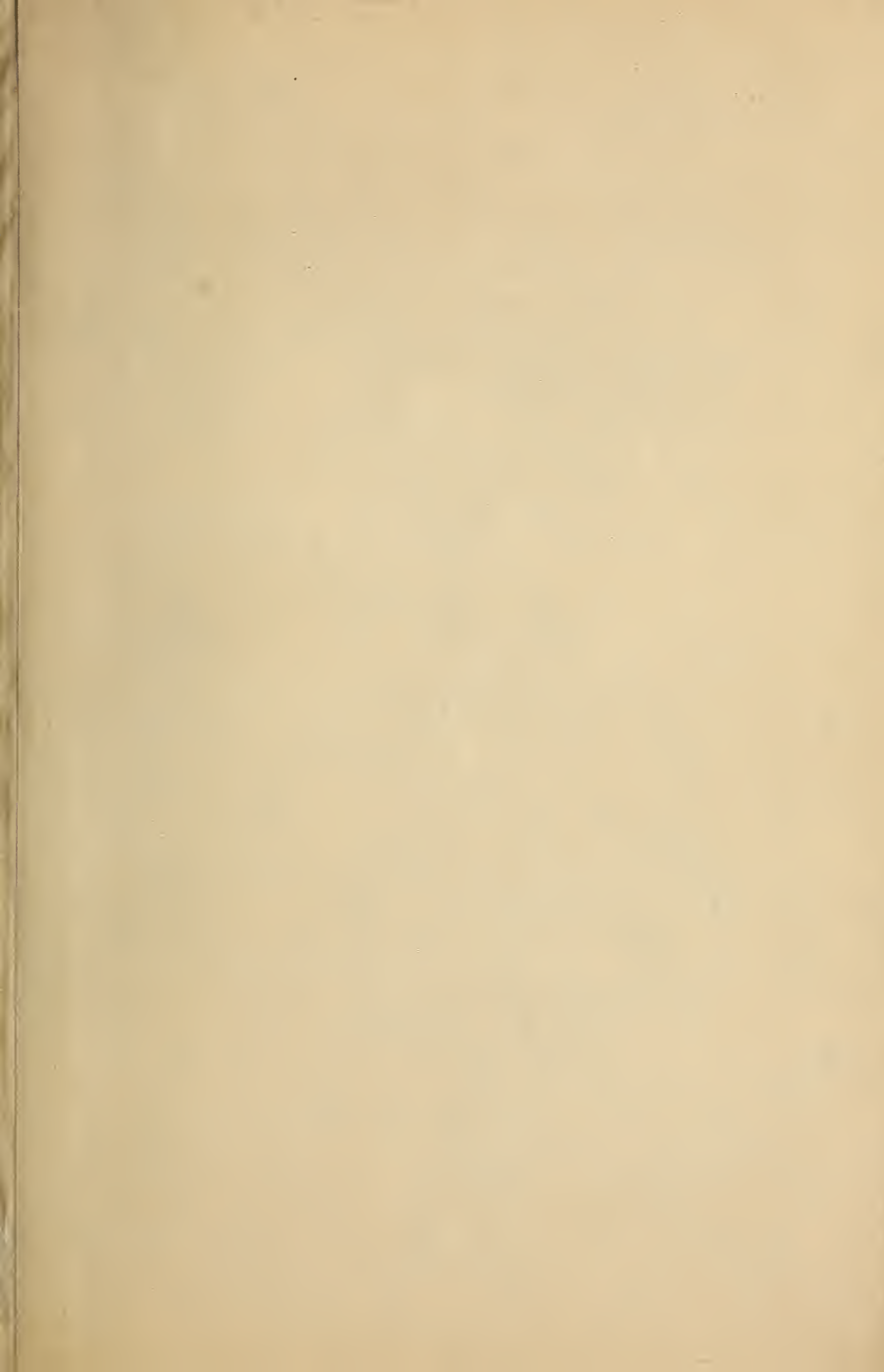
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By

**ED. HELMER (ERNST KOCH).**

Translated from the latest German Edition

by

**A. v. Beresford (Author of Millicent).**

1 Vol. 15 Sgr.

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